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# **POEMS.**

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
RELIGIOUS, MORAL, SENTIMENTAL AND  
HUMOROUS.

---

BY WILLIAM RAY.

---

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE, AND  
OF HIS CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS A-  
MONG THE TURKS AND BARBARIANS  
OF TRIPOLI, ON THE COAST OF  
AFRICA—WRITTEN BY  
HIMSELF.

To thee, O sacred Muse, belongs  
Devotion's humble voice,  
That breaks in sweet adoring songs,  
Like those where holy angel-throats  
Eternally rejoice.

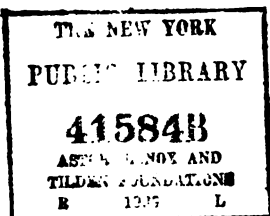
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1821.

R. B. P.



NORTHERN DISTRICT }  
OF NEW-YORK, } TO WIT:

L. S.

BE IT REMEMBERED,—That on the eighth day of October, in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1821, WILLIAM RAY, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author; in the words following, to wit:

"Poems, on various subjects,—Religious, Moral, Sentimental and Humorous. BY WILLIAM RAY. To which is added, a brief sketch of the author's life, and of his captivity and sufferings among the Turks and Barbarians of Tripoli, on the coast of Africa; written by himself.

To thee, O sacred Muse, belongs  
Devotion's humble voice,  
That breaks in sweet adoring songs,  
Like those where holy angel-throats  
Eternally rejoice.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to the act entitled "An act supplementary to an act entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching historical and other prints."

RICH'D R. LANSING, Clerk  
of the Northern District of New-York.

**THE** Editors of Public Journals have been pleased to express their spontaneous sentiments in favor of some of the poems in the following work. From a multiplicity of complimentary remarks, and public notices, the subsequent ones are extracted.

"In the following, as well from the initials W. R. as from the elegant flow of genius, we recognize the pen of the distinguished American poet, William Ray, Esq." *Palladium of Liberty.*

"The Sacred Melodies of Byron and Moore, have been much admired, and many of them very justly : but we do not recollect one of them, and we have read them all, which we think superior to the following, which is avowedly from the pen of William Ray." *Plough-Boy.*

"The following beautiful lines are from the pen of William Ray, Esq. of Onondaga, whose poetical effusions have often delighted the public, and whose genius and taste ought to have secured to him the smiles, instead of the sternest frowns, of Fortune." *New-York Statesman.*

"The following poem is from the pen of William Ray, that favorite of genius and son of misfortune." *Albany Register.*

"Mr. Ray, as a poet, possesses genius of no ordinary cast. Many of his effusions, humorous, moral and sentimental, we have read with great pleasure, and we have no doubt he will make an interesting volume. *New-York Spectator.*

"We can judge of the general character of the Poems proposed to be published by William Ray, only by the merit of such of them as have occasionally appeared in the public newspapers. Those we have seen, evinced, in our opinion, genius of no common order, genuine poetic taste, purity of sentiment, and occasionally a richness of figure and harmony of style, fully equal to some of the eminent English poets. His religious effusions breathe the fervor of sincere devotion, and speak the sentiments and feelings of the cheerful Christian, 'who looks through Nature up to Nature's God;' his moral and sentimental pieces are such as he who loves Virtue for herself alone, would fasten on his memory; and his humorous productions never degenerate into 'lascivious lyrics,' but 'uniformly convey a lesson slyly to the heart.'"

*New-York Journal and Patron of Industry.*

## PREFACE.

It is said, I think by Dr. Johnson, that a work which requires an apology from the author for making it public, for that very reason never ought to be published. As to the literary merit of a work, this may be true ; but in some other respects, it may not. I must beg leave, therefore, to dissent from this general opinion of the great Doctor, so far as to say, that several of the following poems were written without much study or reflection, as the spontaneous thoughts of the writer, at times of great political excitement ; and that they have been retained in this publication, not to revive party prejudices, but only as specimens of the spirit of those times, now past, when the writer thought proper to exercise the common privilege of expressing his sentiments in this form, and which he then chose—that is, in a loose and careless set of rhymes.—Should he be so unfortunate as to give

offence to any of his readers, all he has to say, is, that he shall severely lament such a perverted construction of his meaning, and shall not cease to declare, that it is far, very far from his intention to give the least umbrage to any of his fellow-citizens in the subsequent pages, either in a moral, political, religious, or any other point of view.

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## POEMS.

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*From the Albany Register, Feb. 28, 1817.*

### NATIVE GENIUS.

We are indebted to WILLIAM RAY, Esq. of Onondaga, for the following pious and beautiful effusion. Mr. RAY is a self-taught genius. Many of his poems are very excellent, and want nothing but the prunings and graftings of his own judgment, in a deliberate moment, to render them worthy of universal patronage.

In Religious Poetry, a new era is commencing. The plain and almost literal versions of the Psalms of David, in metrical composition, which have hitherto stood unrivalled, are giving way to versions of a more figurative and poetical cast, from the pens of BYRON and MOORE. The latter, we think, excels in his flights in this exalted and sublime region of the Muses. But our own RAY, if he would but devote himself to the task, might prove that Europe is not the exclusive seat of the Muses, nor the only source of SACRED MELODIES, calculated to inspire a relish for Scriptural reading, and to instruct and delight the Philosopher and the Christian.

In the following effusion, we perceive the son of adversity, calmly smiling at the storms of life,

which serve but to point him to a higher sphere of existence, to animate his hopes and brighten his prospects of "*another and a better world.*"

*" They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy."*

PSALMS.

**CONTRITE** mourner ! though thy tears,

Like the melting show'rs of spring,  
Fall from clouds of grief and fears,  
Fruitful harvests shall they bring ;  
Harvests where no toils annoy,  
Sown in tears, but reap'd in joy.

Hast thou lost a bosom friend,

Buried lifeless in the clay ?  
Of thy sorrows see an end,

At the last great harvest day :  
Though his body worms destroy,  
Sown in tears, 'tis rais'd in joy.

Disappointments hast thou found,

Disconcerting ev'ry scheme ?  
Sow thy hopes in heav'nly ground,  
Earthly bliss is all a dream :  
Pleasures fatally decoy,  
Reap'd in tears, if sown in joy.

Keen afflictions dost thou feel,

Poverty, disease, and pain ?

Know, the hand that wounds can heal,  
Temp'ral loss—eternal gain :  
Rich the harvest, sweet th' employ,  
Sown in tears, to reap in joy.

Sent to call the wand'rer home,  
Lov'd, if chasten'd by the LORD.  
Lo ! he bids the contrite come—  
By his spirit—in his word—  
To exchange a puerile toy,  
For a world of endless joy.

Wounded mourner ! cease to weep,  
Though foul crimes may stain thy soul,  
Boundless MERCY, free and deep,  
Bids thee wash, be clean, and whole ;  
Then go reap, with no alloy,  
HARVESTS OF ETERNAL JOY.

---

*From the Plough Boy.*

In a former number, we mentioned Mr Ray as a poetical writer of more than ordinary merit. The following effusion will justify our opinion. The Sacred Melodies of Byron and Moore have been much admired, and many of them very justly.—But we do not recollect one of them, and we have read them all, which we think superior to the following, which is avowedly from the pen of William Ray.

## THE CHURCH.

PURE and holy is the source,  
 Whence thy stream, O Zion, rose ;  
 See, majestic in its course,  
 Regions vast it overflows,  
 Fertilizing like the Nile,  
 Barren continent and isle.

Angel-ministers attend—  
 On its flow'ry margins meet—  
 Heavenly-choral anthems blend,  
 (Music ravishingly sweet)  
 With a SAVIOUR'S voice divine,  
 Turning all its floods to wine.

Ho, ye thirsty, gather round,  
 Drink your everlasting fill !  
 Hear the gospel tidings sound—  
*"Peace on earth, to men good will!"*  
 Yet unbroken is the strain,  
 Heard upon the shepherd's plain.

CHRIST, the BISHOP of our souls,  
 Open will the channel keep ;  
 Free the tide of mercy rolls,  
 As the billows of the deep ;  
 Broad and copious as the wave,  
 Is the mission that he gave :—

"Ev'ry creature go and teach,  
 You I send as I am sent,  
 Wide ordained my word to preach,  
 Calling millions to repent,—  
 This uninterrupted line  
 Shall be *endless*—is divine."

Lo the CHURCH of CHRIST appears  
 Fair in lustre as the moon!  
 Brighter, from the night of years,  
 Than the cloudless Sun at noon—  
 Terribly she moves along,  
 As an army-banner'd throng!

Life dispensing as she goes,  
 Glory beaming from her face,  
 Conquering her rebellious foes,  
 By the pow'r of boundless grace—  
 By the Spirit's two-edg'd sword—  
 Through the might of CHRIST our LORD.

---

### DEATH.

DEATH!—what a dreadful thought to those  
 Who build their heav'n on earth, and lay  
 The basis of their future woes,  
 Which floods can never wash away.  
 On rocks—whilst all their hopes must stand  
 Like dwellings bu't upon the sand.

Plagues, like the billows of the deep,  
Around their frail foundations pour ;  
Their honors level'd at a sweep,  
And lo! their glory is no more !  
Eternity's tremendous waves  
Of fiery vengeance, prove their graves !

DEATH!—how appalling is the sound  
To age yet unprepared to die—  
To AGE—who surely must have found  
That life's last watch is passing by,  
And yet, O madness! never seem  
To wake from folly's awful dream !

DEATH!—how alarming is the call  
To youth, by lawless pleasures led,  
Who see their inmates daily fall,  
Amid gay sports among the dead ;  
And yet their dangerous course pursue,  
With naught but keen remorse in view.

DEATH!—Dark and dismal is the sight,  
To all who are of sin the slave ;  
To those who never saw that light  
Which cheers our passage to the grave ;  
To those who never felt that love,  
Which charms the raptur'd hosts above.

But--DEATH! how welcome to the soul  
Discas'd and sorrowing—pain'd with fears—

Till by a lively faith made whole,  
And wash'd in penitential tears,  
It longs to mingle with the bless'd—  
Longs for a heav'n of holy rest.

---

### HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING.

DECEMBER 22, 1819.

TO THEE, ALMIGHTY LORD, we raise  
Our hearts and hands in pray'r and praise;  
For all thy mercies plead and prove  
Thy word is true, that "GOD IS LOVE."

How many dangers, woes and fears,  
Have pass'd like dreams of other years,  
How many blessings from above,  
Sound as they fall, that "GOD IS LOVE."

That pestilence, whose venom'd breath  
Infus'd the very life of Death,  
The voice of mercy bade "remove,"  
And thus proclaim'd that "GOD IS LOVE."

The bounteous products of the soil,  
The rich reward of honest toil,  
To praise the LORD our tongues should move,  
For these attest, that "GOD IS LOVE."

Freedom her golden gifts extends  
To us, her faithful chosen friends;



The breeze of health waves every grove,  
And gently whispers, "God is LOVE."

Science her light around us pours,  
Religion triumphs—Faith adores,  
While peace, the heavenly turtle-dove,  
Coos in soft strains, that "God is LOVE."

But brighter attestations shine  
Recorded in that Book divine,  
The SAVIOUR's mission from above,  
SEALS THE GREAT TRUTH, THAT GOD IS LOVE.

---

### TO A CHRISTIAN BELIEVER UNDER AFFLICTION.

HEIR of immortal glory! why  
At care and want repine?  
Hast thou not joys enough on high?  
Are not heav'n's treasures thine?

Treasures which neither moth nor rust  
Corrupts, nor thieves can share;  
But opened by the pure and just,  
The key of faith in prayer.

Why then so wretched? come, relate  
What weighs thy spirits down?  
Has FRIENDSHIP turn'd her love to hate,  
And left thee with a frown?

Has base INGRATITUDE repaid  
Thy favors with disdain.  
A menial in thy gifts array'd,  
Grown insolent and vain?

Has HAPPINESS, with all her charms,  
When blessing thee a while,  
Gone to some envious rival's arms,  
Now basking in her smile?

Do foes encompass thee around,  
And threaten to destroy  
That peace which only can be found,  
In calm domestic joy?

Is not the ALMIGHTY LORD thy friend,  
Though friends are faithless here?  
And canst thou not on him depend,  
To vanquish every fear?

Has DEATH, with cold unsparing hand,  
Thy brightest hopes laid low,  
In heaven those hopes shall live, expand,  
Re-bloom, and brighter grow.

And though the world with scornful look,  
Thy low estate despise,  
With patience firm those insults brook,  
Thou fav'rite of the skies.

A few more years, (perchance a day)  
Shall waft thy soul above,  
Where every tear is wip'd away,  
And all is peace and love.

Heir of immortal bliss ! then why  
At worldly woes repine ?  
When all heav'n's joys before thee lie,  
And are by promise thine.

---

### RELIGION.

Ask but the man who has a head  
Susceptible of thought;  
A heart not all to virtue dead,  
But feeling as it ought ;

Whether he candidly believes  
Religion all a jest ;  
A farce which purposely deceives,  
To make the soul unblest ?

Would God, all merciful and just,  
A weapon thus employ,  
Our hopes to prostrate in the dust,  
And stab our only joy ?

Ah, no—what millions answer no,  
Who feel its vital pow'r,

A balm for ev'ry poignant woe,  
In trouble's painful hour :—

A lamp which casts beyond the grave  
Its ever cheering ray ;—  
A ransom for the hell-bound slave—  
And endless, joyous day !

What can the atheist, in exchange,  
Give for so great a prize ?  
Annihilation's lot (how strange)  
For kingdoms in the skies—

A few base sordid pleasures, here,  
Scarce worth a fool's pursuit ;  
And for *eternity*——a *year* !  
A *seraph* for a *brute* !

Blot from the universe the sun,  
And ev'ry paler light :  
See all creation's works undone,  
And sunk in endless night ;

Take, ruthless infidel, away,  
Whatever else you can,  
But leave, O leave us *mental day*,  
*The light of God to man.*

## SPREADING OF THE GOSPEL.

STAR IN THE WEST.

*And I will give him the Morning Star.*—Rev.

T' ILLUME the earth's banighted face,  
 With beams of all-redeeming grace—  
 To give that face, in tears erewhile,  
 A placid, heav'nly joyous smile—  
 To light the weary world to rest,  
*A star is rising in the west.*

With lustre mild and look serene,  
 The fair phenomenon is seen ;  
 A lamp, to guide the darksome way  
 Of infidelity astray,  
 Back to the regions of the blest—  
*A star is rising in the west!*

Has nature, then, revers'd her scheme?  
 Does from the *west* a day-star beam?  
 Yes—But it is not nature's light ;  
 A star more heav'nly, pure and bright,  
 Shines from the Great Immanuel's breast,  
 To light the nations in the west.

When stars of night and suns of day,  
 Extinguish'd shall have pass'd away ;  
 And this vast universe decay'd—  
 Dissolv'd to nothing but a shade,  
 Of that supernal gen. possess'd,  
 The star that's rising in the west.

When stars of night, and suns of day,  
 Extinguish'd, shall have pass'd away;  
 And this vast universe, decay'd—  
 Dissolv'd to nothing but a shade,  
 Of that supernal gem possess'd,  
 The star that's rising in the west,

What joyful millions shall behold,  
 And feel; its mysteries unfold—  
 A sun of glory, brighter grown,  
 Blazing around JEHOVAH's throne!  
 By all the ransom'd throng confess'd,  
*The star that now illumines the west.*

#### A PRECIOUS BALSAM.

THERE is a balsam all may find,  
 To heal the deeply-wounded mind,  
 Though mortal may that wound appear;  
 The lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf,  
 The dumb, the dying own relief,  
 Nor is it what the world calls dear:

It costs the broken heart a sigh—  
 The contrite spirit, *pray'r*;  
 It costs the penitential eye,  
 A look for mercy *there*.

Rich is the treasure : for it gives  
To ev'ry needy soul that lives,  
The gold of health, for dross—  
For trouble, joy—for sorrow, bliss ;  
And, in a better world than this,  
A kingdom for a cross.

'Tis not the merchandize of earth,  
Her empires ne'er contain'd its worth ;  
In realms of heav'n alone,  
There, on the *Tree of Life*, it grows,  
Where the full stream of mercy flows,  
Around the ALMIGHTY's throne.

Angels in pity bear it thence,  
As mortals seek the prize—  
The rich catholicon dispense—  
It opens blind-born eyes !  
From tongues that never spake before,  
The deaf now hear loud anthems roar !

The *Great Physician's* skill,  
The tenor of their song ;  
The same that cures has pow'r to kill,  
Or anguish to prolong.

No analyzing pow'r  
Its properties require ;  
No flames refine it, or devour,  
Nor hell's eternal fire.

Known in a thousand various climes—  
 By spurious terms express'd ;  
 Though there the bigot's bloody crimes  
 Are often with it dress'd ;

Yet to apply its genuine pow'r,  
 How few have found the art—  
 'Tis known—'tis call'd—in death's dread hour,  
 RELIGION—*of the heart.*

---

[Sensible that nothing can be added to the beauty and sublimity of the Scripture, the Author, in the following, has not aimed at any embellishments of style, but merely to give a plain literal versification—not with the hope of improving upon the inspired penman, but with the view of turning the reader's more deep attention to the awful story, as related in the sacred volume of DIVINE TRUTH.]

### THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

A CERTAIN rich man, worldly blest,  
 In purple and fine linen drest,  
 Liv'd sumptuous ev'ry day ;  
 And lo ! a beggar at his doors,  
 Naked and starving, full of sores,  
 In humble posture lay ;  
 Graving the scanty crumbs that fell,  
 Around his table, furnish'd well,  
 With high, delicious fare ;



E'en dogs their sympathy express'd,  
And to the way-worn stranger-guest,  
Show'd ev'ry tender care:

Their soft and healing tongues applied—  
Tongues to the use of speech denied,  
How eloquently mute!  
Proclaiming more than language can,  
The cold benevolence of man,  
Contrasted with the brute!

But what an awful sequel flows  
From human grandeur—human woes,  
And how revers'd the scene!  
From earth to heav'n—from heav'n to hell,  
The one was call'd—the other fell—  
A yawning gulph between!

From regions of eternal pain,  
The rich man lifts his eyes in vain,  
To realms forever blest—  
Sees Laz'rus, late his haughty scorn,  
Whom glorious vestments now adorn,  
In Abram's bosom rest.

'Send Laz'rus,' was the fruitless pray'r,  
From the lost soul of ghastr despair,  
With flaming tortures wrung,  
'In water let his finger dip,  
And touch, if only with the tip,  
And cool my burning tongue.'

'Remember, son,' the Patriarch cried,  
 'In all the pomp of wealth and pride,  
     Thou recently didst roll;  
 Laz'rus, then doom'd to want and pain,  
 Now in immortal bliss shall reign,  
     While torments rend thy soul.'

Fraternal feeling, nature's dart,  
 Pierc'd the hard centre of a heart:  
     Condemn'd to endless woe;  
 'To my five brethren Laz'rus send,  
 To warn them of my fearful end,  
     Lest they the like should know.'

Thus roar'd the hopeless heir of hell,  
 Whom sainted Abram deigns to tell;  
     'The prophets and the law  
 They have; and let them see in those,  
 How free Almighty mercy flows,  
     And thence salvation draw.'

'Nay, father Abram,' answer'd he,  
 'But if a ghostly form they see,  
     On such commission sent,  
 Surely a message from the dead,  
 Would strike their souls with quiv'ring dread,  
     And cause them to repent.'

'If Moses and the prophets they  
 Refuse to follow and obey—

Believe, (said he) 'embrace—  
 Not all the terrors of the grave,  
 Of death and hell, the wretch shall save,  
 Who spurns redeeming grace.'

Thus ends the dialogue between  
 The bless'd and curs'd—tremendous scene,  
 Hell kindling with the great!  
 The niggard souls of misers, too,  
 May take an awful, timely view  
 Of their portentous fate.



*From the Plough-Boy.*

MR. RAY'S ODE.

The pious reader will be highly gratified in the perusal of Mr. RAY's ode, in our columns of this day. We understand Mr. R. contemplates publishing a revised and corrected edition of his poems. If so, we cannot but wish him success. The most of them are pious effusions, and many of them written in the true spirit of poetry, and the fervor of genius.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN—AND THE  
 PRAYER OF FAITH.

"O that I might die the death of the Righteous."

I.

JOYFUL, and yet tremendous hour,  
 When from the dungeon cell of clay,

The soul, by Death's dissolving pow'r,  
 Breaks forth—looks round—and all is day!  
 A vast eternity before  
 The disembodied spirit lies,  
 And shudd'ring on its awful shore,  
 The new-born nestling of the skies,  
 Gazing and wond'ring, soars with eagle flight,  
 Through stars and suns—undazzled at the sight.

## II.

And Oh! what wonders burst upon the view,  
 As Heaven's all glorious splendors wide unfold!  
 What sweet Hosannas—anthems ever new—  
 What thrones of sapphire—diadems of gold,  
 Of suff'ring, spotless virtue, the reward,  
 Await for all the ransom'd of the Lord.

## III.

The Spirit and the bride say come,  
 Enjoy thy ever-blissful home;  
 Again arch-angels strike their lyres—  
 Again Redemption's joyful song,  
 Warbled through all the heav'nly throng,  
 From every saint and angel's tongue,  
 In holy chorus pours along,  
 And rapturous bliss inspires.

## IV.

A robe of pure unsullied white,  
 The blood-wash'd soul adorns,  
 A crown, with stars of glory bright,

Stars that have never seen the night,  
Is giv'n by Him whose countenance is light,  
By him who once was crown'd with thorns.

## V.

The ravish'd soul looks down on earth,  
Benighted world of griefs and fears ;  
Vast nations buoyant on a scalding flood,  
Of human misery's tears,  
Whole kingdoms wreaking with the blood  
Of virtue's holy martyrs, years on years ;  
A World that gave a SAVIOUR birth,  
How wretched—wretched now, that world appears !

## VI.

Could earthly woes celestial realms invade,  
O'erwhelm'd with sorrows would the righteous be  
But here, forever, thy proud waves are stay'd,  
Thou troubled ocean of mortality ;  
Death and eternity, the wall and line,  
That bars affliction, mortal from divine.  
No dreams of suff'rings past, or worldly woes;  
Disturb the tranquil inorn of Faith's repose ;  
But rest unceasing to the saint is given,  
And all the life, and bliss, and heaven of heaven.

## VII.

Oh! for the wings of the bright early morning,  
Swifter than light would they bear me away,  
Where those blest martyrs are both worlds adorning,  
Fairer than beauty, and brighter than day.

Oh! for the death of the righteous and holy,  
 Oh! for the vict'ry o'er hell and the grave,  
 Come, blessed moments, why travel so slowly?  
 GOD, is thine arm not Almighty to save?

Save me from scenes of unparallel'd sorrow,  
 Darker than night-clouds that shut out my soul  
 From the blest day-spring of hope on the morrow,  
 Thunders of Sinai, how awful ye roll!

But, from the regions of glory supernal,  
 Breaks a sweet voice, full of comfort and love,  
 GOD in his mercy, unchang'd and eternal,  
 Wounds but to heal thee with raptures above.

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#### TO THE MATERIALIST OR ATHEIST.

"THERE IS A GOD"—all nature cries—  
 Through boundless space the pæan roars!  
 "THERE IS A GOD"—man's heart replies,  
 Burns and adores!

Could *matter* self-existence give—  
 Work into forms a shapeless clod—  
 Think—reason—breathe—and move—and live—  
*Matter* were God.

But that hath ne'er assum'd such pow'rs,  
 'Twould not be *matier* were it so;

Nor could these mystic *minds* of ours,  
From *nothing* flow :—

Nor could they flow without a source—  
A great intelligent FIRST CAUSE !  
Who gave to *matter* life and force—  
To nature—laws :—

Who gave to man a conscious soul—  
An emanation of his breath ;  
A *part* of that eternal WHOLE  
Shall ne'er see death.

“ THERE IS A GOD ”—all nature cries—  
Through boundless space loud echo roars !  
“ THERE IS A GOD ”—heav'n—earth replies,  
KNEELS and ADORES.

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### SUMMER EVENING.

CALM SUNSET was clothed in a beautiful cloud  
Of crimson embroidered with gold,  
And though you might call it the day's fun'ral  
shroud,

'Twas splendidly rich to behold.

But soon those bright garments assum'd a dark hue,  
As day-light took leave of the skies,  
And Evening was weeping in tear-drops of dew,  
That fell from her star-beaming eyes.

Thus nature a lesson to mortals conveys,  
And teaches us duly to mourn  
The joys that are past, and the loss of those days,  
That are gone, and shall never return.]

The clouds vanish'd all, and the full rising moon  
Again cheer'd the world with her light,  
Surpassing in mildness the splendor of noon—  
In truth 'twas the MORNING OF NIGHT.

Thus sorrow and gladness, like darkness and day,  
Alternately rise and depart—  
Alternately brighten these visions of clay,  
Or deepen the gloom of the heart.

The stars they all hail'd their legitimate queen,  
The heav'ns and the earth wore a smile;  
But ah! the most joyous magnificent scene  
Of nature, shall last but a while.

The dark cloud of *Death* shall envelope us all—  
No light on the universe shine—  
The sun, moon, and stars, crush the earth as they  
fall,  
And perish—But VIRTUE divine,

That seraph immortal, triumphant shall soar  
Above the last flashes of time,  
Re-land on ETERNITY's joy-sounding shore,  
*And live in her own native clime.*



Where brightness, transcending the blaze of the  
sun,

Encircles th' ALMIGHTY I AM,  
And visible renders the great THREE IN ONE---  
*The glory of GOD and the LAMB.*

---

TO PART.

WHAT a heart-piercing verb is this---  
The murd'rer of all earthly bliss---  
O Death, 'tis own'd thy keenest dart---  
A fest'ring thorn to man's repose,  
The sharpest sting of human woes,  
Is Heav'n's decree that *friends must PART.*

Think on the death-bed---on the shroud---  
The wailing friends---the sober crowd---  
The mournful coffin---groaning cart---  
That must, so shortly bear away  
This feeble tenement of clay---  
That must the soul and body *part!*

In life's endearing tender ties,  
We look with fond adoring eyes,  
On all that's precious to the heart,  
The partner of our wedded joys,  
And babes---with such bewitching toys,  
How can a parent ever *part!*

Whene'er they cluster round my knee,  
In angel innocence, I see  
The charms of nature, not of art;  
Oft as I clasp them to my soul,  
In spite of *man* the tears *will* roll,  
To think—O must we ever *part* !

And when around the board we meet  
Long absent friends, in converse sweet,  
We feel a secret thrilling smart,  
That soon will come that painful hour,  
(For Time the space will quick devour,)  
The sad adieu, when we must *part* !

Xerxes, that great victorious chief,  
Wept with unconquerable grief,  
(Ambition gave *his* tears the start)  
To think his countless legions must,  
In one short century fall to dust,  
And he with all his honors *part* !

But holier sympathies unite  
Congenial souls in pure delight,  
Who steer by love's heaven-guided chart ;  
And though affliction's tempests rise,  
Their winds shall waft us to the skies,  
*Where friend with friend shall never PART.*

*From the Plough Boy.*

## HOMESPUN POETRY.

We have a friend who possesses a poetic imagination, though not a classical scholar, and is apt now and then to indulge it, especially when subjects present themselves congenial with the current of his sentiments, which are those of a Christian Philosopher, and a true American Plough Boy.

We suspect this friend of ours has been recently engaged in paying his devoirs at the shrine of the muses; and that the following poem is the fruit of his harmonious intercourse with the tuneful nine. This little poem has been several weeks in our possession; but the reader will agree with us that we could not have delayed its publication on account of its want of merit; for we hazard nothing in asserting that the critic, however fastidious, will find much to admire, and little to censure, in this genuine native effusion.

The eighth line is perhaps the most, if not the only objectionable one in the poem.

"Salt in his fist, and head-rein in his hands."

The defect in this line is too obvious to need illustration, and we are satisfied could have escaped the author's notice only in the haste of composition. But the picture, in which this faulty line occurs, of the Plough Boy, rising with the dawn, and "brushing with hasty steps the dews away," in search of his team, luring the animals to his grasp, and finally setting them at work, is happily and naturally bit off; and the little episode, found in the comparison between the arts of the Plough Boy, on this occasion, and those of the political demagogue, on a different one, is not the worst part of this animated description.

We do not vouch for the fact—but are inclined to suspect that WILLIAM RAY, Esq. of Onondaga, is the author of this poem. He has written many pieces of merit, of more than ordinary merit; and were it not that our countrymen are so much disposed to go abroad for almost every acquisition, from literature down to lustrings, and from poetry down to pins and padlocks, we should feel inclined to advise Mr. RAY to arrange, revise, and publish his poetical works. But the *homespun* spirit is not widely enough diffused at present. We are still too fond of looking to Europe, and particularly to Great Britain, to supply our moral and intellectual, as well as material and physical necessities.

The tender and the amatory, as well as the patriotic strains of LADD, that son of genius and heir of misfortune, whose muse of energy enlivened the darkest period of our revolution; and the moral, pathetic, religious and philosophical effusions of RAY, another favorite of genius, but foot-ball of fortune—to say nothing of the productions of many intermediate and cotemporary votaries of the muses; these may continue to sleep in the poetical departments of newspapers and magazines, and even the lively, pindaric and elegant effusions which at this moment appear under the signature of CROAK-ER & Co. should they swell to a voluminous size, after a short lived popularity, may probably be heard of no more; whilst every catch-penny effort of British genius, will be hailed, as at present, in every circle that pretends to literary taste, genius or philosophy, not only as a welcome visitor, but an indispensable companion in the solitary hour!—How long, Americans, shall these things be!—How long will you submit to be told, in the taunting language of British Reviewers, that you have neither

genius, taste nor learning; that you have had, indeed, in the walks of poetry, "a Mr *Daught* ; and his baptismal name was *Timothy*;" and in those of philosophy, you "had a *Franklin*, indeed, and may afford to live for half a century on his fame." These malicious sarcasms on the literary character of our country, are quoted from the last *Edinburgh Review* ; a work which has been stamped by no ordinary degree of merit, but which from the specimen before us, we should say is exhibiting marks of decline. But be this as it may, whilst we neglect our own poets on the supposition that they are not equal to those of other climes ; and in short, whilst we give the preference to foreign productions of almost every kind or description ; we must expect to be held up by other nations as destitute of genius, science and enterprize. But this is not the worst of the evil. If we do not encourage our own talents, we depress and stifle that ambition, which leads to the exercise of talent, which springs either from the desire of fame, or the love of wealth, or both ; and which constitutes, next to richness of soil, and salubrity of climate, the most important source of national fame and prosperity.

If the Moral Plough Boy need any apology for weaving this poem into one of his numbers, it is to be found in the license he has given himself of making such use as he may think proper of the labors of his correspondents ; besides, all poetry, the epic and the amatory, the satirical and the sentimental, with here and there a licentious exception, is calculated to improve the heart, by invigorating its moral energies. The poem before us, inculcates that simplicity of life and of manners, and those industrious habits, which are the surest foundations of virtue, morality, and human happiness.

## THE PLOUGH BOY.

**THE *Plough Boy***, rising at the dawn of day,  
 His team to muster speeds his cheerful way ;  
 In homespun fabrics, cool, but cleanly drest—  
 Health in his eye, and in his bosom rest—  
 He feels no dullness, no depression knows ;  
 Alert from labor, vig'rous from repose,  
 Bounds o'er the wall, or on its summit stands,  
 Salt in his dish, and head-reins in his hands ;  
 Thence from his lips the whistling summons rings,  
 Or verbal 'jack, jack,' prompt obedience brings ;  
 Each list'ning steed the well known accent hears,  
 Lifts his long head and points his spiral ears ;  
 Lur'd by the signals of the wily swain,  
 Responsive neighs, and stamps across the plain,  
 Licks the tough hand, so friendly seen to wave,  
 That feeds to ensnare, caresses to enslave.

(Thus many a demagogue, election day,  
 The pop'lace wheedles, only to betray,  
 And many a wight, unconscious of the guile,  
 His independence barter for a smile.)

Stung by those pests that suck their vital gore,  
 The frisking vassals, harness'd up before,  
 And tackled to the plough-beam, onward go,  
 Fierce, but submissive, resolute but slow,  
 Whene'er the rocky soil impedes the share,  
 Or roa's and thorns might tempt a sedit to swear :

But when the furrowing mould no barrier owns,  
No brush to tangle, and no battering stones,  
Smooth glides the well directed keel along,  
And the hills echo with the Plough Boy's song.

Low is that mind which pride hath taught to scorn  
What GOD bequeath'd and destin'd to adorn  
The works of Nature, and to feed the flame  
That warms and animates our mystic frame ;  
The pow'r, the foresight, and the skill to ply,  
And make a clod prolific of the sky ;  
For GOD hath promis'd, and to LABOR given,  
The dews, the sunshine, and the rains of heaven,  
Seed time and harvest, plenty and employ,  
Peace undisturb'd, and undiminish'd joy.  
Mean is that spirit, slavish is the soul,  
To man's true glory sightless as the mole,  
Which treats the hardy peasant of the plain,  
With sneering arrogance and chill disdain ;  
From whose brown hand he draws his daily bread,  
And from whose industry a world is fed.  
Shall dusty toil and tillage raise disgust  
In man, whose end and origin is dust ?  
Could our maternal Earth assume a tongue,  
Where all must lie, and whence the proudest  
    sprung,  
How would she chide th' effeminate, who dare  
Insult her dignity, and strip her bare  
Of all those honors which the wise and good,

Have heap'd upon her, since creation stood !  
 Bards, heroes, sages, in those days of old,  
 When streams were silver, rocks and mountains  
     gold;  
 When ev'ry grove a deity possess'd,  
 And all was peace and plenty, joy and rest—  
 Hew'd down those groves, nor deem'd the spot  
     profan'd,  
 But plough'd and planted where their gods had  
     reign'd.

Great CINCINNATUS ! statesman, warrior brave,  
 Who didst thy country serve—thy country save !  
 Where shines the purest lustre of thy fame ?  
 What gives to immortality thy name ?  
 Is it thy vict'ries that thy readers charm—  
 Thy slaught'ring sword, and thy puissant arm,  
 That crush'd her foes, and quell'd tumultuous  
     Rome ?

Or thy calm virtues, and thy rural home,  
 Stor'd with the products of the bounteous soil,  
 The well-earn'd trophies of agrarian toil ?  
 The fadeless laurels that adorn'd thy brow,  
 Grew from the culture of the lab'ring plough,  
 Held by that hand which armies taught to yield,  
 Again triumphant in a brighter field,  
 Where genius, greatness, in seclusion, shone  
 Above the taudry tenant of a throne.



And greater still than all the chiefs of yore,  
Whose name idolatry might well adore—  
Immortal WASHINGTON made forests bow,  
And learn'd through life to "*Venerate the Plough.*"

Sons of *America* ! awake, arise !  
Lo, bright before you what a prospect lies !  
A wide extended country, blest and free ;  
Majestic rivers, many an inland sea ;  
Waiting the spade and plough, to bid them pour  
Through vales that never saw nor heard them  
    roar—

Lands rich, productive, facile to obtain,  
Pledge to reward your industry with gain ;  
To waft your surpluss luxuries, where sold,  
And fill your purses with exotic gold !  
Leave, leave your *legal* traffic—gew-gaw stores—  
Your "dandy" fripp'ries—kick them out of  
    doors—

Change, for a frock, that most tremendous cloak ;  
Wield the keen axe, and fell the lofty oak ;  
Your best devoirs to AGRICULTURE pay,  
And thus to future glory PLOUGH your way.

## THE MENDICANT.

POOR, dejected and forlorn,  
 Visage bloated, raiment torn,  
 Son of mis'ry! child of wo!  
 Wildly wand'ring to and fro;  
 Whatso'er the cause that led  
 To thy present want of bread,  
 Turn, forsaken wretch! and see,  
 Here is one who pities thee!

Heir-apparent once of bliss,  
 What a heritage is this!  
 How hast thou thy title lost;  
*What a heavy bill of cost!*  
 Bring, O bring thy suit again;  
 Plead where none e'er plead in vain!  
 Send to HEAVEN thy special plea;  
*There is ONE who pities thee.*

Hast thou murdered precious time?  
 Red as scarlet is the crime!  
 Hast thou courted pleasure's smiles,  
 Guilt's applause, and flatt'ry's wiles?  
 Barter'd in thy youthful days,  
 Honor for illicit praise?  
 Virtue's *paradise* resign'd,  
 Rest of body, peace of mind,  
 'Midst the thorns of vice to stroll,  
 For a *dreary waste* of soul?

Far from happiness away,  
Lost to all but *beasts of prey*?  
O return, from wand'ring cease,  
"Virtue's paths are paths of peace."  
Though thy crimes, in number, vie  
With the stars in yonder sky;  
Though thy sins are counted more  
Than the sands upon the shore;  
Bend to Heav'n the suppliant knee,  
*There is One* who pities thee.  
Cease to censure, cease to chide,  
Pimps of pleasure! slaves of pride!  
Heav'n misfortune oft may send,  
For a wise and gracious end;  
Wrest from us our earthly joys,  
Puerile riches, painted toys—  
Like a parent snatch away,  
Lest we strangle while we play;  
Neither let your lips accuse,  
Neither let your hands refuse,  
When a fellow worm you see,  
Asking bread, O man, of thee.  
Is he guilty—so art thou,  
Is he needy—give him, now,  
Trusting to a future day,  
For thy recompence of pay.  
Come, then child of sorrow, come!  
Seek my pity, share my home!

Though as Laz'rus mean and poor,  
I will never bolt my door,  
But will bid thee welcome in,  
*Poverty is not a sin ;*  
Though my crumbs but thinly fall,  
Thou shalt freely have them all ;  
*What* thou art, is nought to me,  
Here is one who pities thee.

“ 'Twas misfortune's heavy blow  
“ Brought me, as you see me, low ;  
“ My full cup of pleasure spilt,  
“ Mingled with the dregs of guilt,  
“ Is there one who can forgive ? ”  
Yes, return, repent and live ;  
Heav'n has blessings full and free,  
*There is One* who pities thee ;  
Only in his word believe,  
Ask, and lo ! thou shalt receive !  
Seek, and thou shalt truly find  
Heav'n on earth—the *rest of mind* ;  
Knock, and open'd is the door,  
Enter thou, but—**DRINK** *no more*.

## MEMENTO.

Just on the brow of Onondaga Hill, close by the great western turnpike, at the skirt of a wood, is a grave, rendered more gloomy and solemn by a deep gulph below ; which has a tombstone with the following inscription—" In memory of Captain BENJAMIN BRANCH, of the 1st Regt. U. S. Light Artillery, a native of Virginia ; who died in the 27th year of his age, Oct. 10, 1814, on his March to the Frontier."

TRAVELLER pause—a moment stay—

Nature's impulse soft obey ;

Ere you from the spot depart,

Read this tombstone—read your heart ;

Learn the lesson each can give—

*Death is sure to all that live ;*

Death is giv'n, to save from death,

What is dearer far than breath :

Save the soul from earth'y fears,

Days of grief and nights of tears,

From the grave's dark prison chains—

From eternal hopeless pains !

What a blessing ! what a prize !

'Tis the day-break of the skies !

Transformation how sublime,

To eternity from time !

Not t' astonish'd angels giv'n,

O ! phenomenon of heav'n !

But the blessing, though so dear,

Mortals shun, for mortals fear—

Dread to pass that awful gate,  
Open'd by the key of fate ;  
Blackness, darkness, all within,  
What a thunder-cloud is sin !  
Whence tremendous threat'nings roll !  
Flash upon the dying soul !  
Till the beams of mercy shine,  
Then, O sun ! O sun divine !  
Darkness thou shalt chace away—  
All is morning—cloudless day.  
Here a youth unheeded lies,  
Once the joy of parents' eyes ;  
Here a heart now lifeless, cold,  
Once so feeling, once so bold ;  
Ardent, hopeful, courting fame,  
Burning with the patriot's flame ;  
Lo ! extinguish'd all its fires,  
Lo ! the *Branch* of hope expires !  
Withers in a foreign grave,  
Such the laurels of the brave !  
*Was* there when he died of late,  
*Is* there none to mourn his fate ?  
No fond brother's tender soul,  
While the tears of anguish roll—  
No kind sister's raining eyes,  
Looking to the northern skies—

No deep-wounded parents' breast,  
Darting, sobbing a request—

' Tell me, must our hopes be o'er ?

' Tell me, does he live no more ?

' Where is then his body laid ?

' Had it decent honors paid ?

' When he saw the summons come,

' Did he think on us and home ?

' In his illness did he find

' Strangers pitiful and kind ?

' Did the cause he serv'd obtain

' Mitigation of his pain ?

' Will his grateful country show

' Due respect for all our woe ?

' Bind our broken hearts and cheer

' Our sad spirits with a tear ?"

Yes, his grateful country knows

*All his worth, and all your woes.*

## EXECUTION

OF RICHARD SMITH, in Philadelphia, for the murder of Capt. JOHN CARSON—August 10, 1816.

‘Tho’ justice be thy plea,  
Consider this;—that in the course of justice,  
None of us should see *salvation*.

We do pray for *mercy*;  
And that same pray’r doth teach us all  
To render the *deeds of mercy*.

*Shakespeare,*

## I.

THE dreadful tragedy is o’er,  
The fatal die is cast!  
Pardon to guilt has barr’d the door,  
And *Mercy* stands aghast!

## II.

*Mercy*—the child of heav’nly love—  
Whence oceans freely flow,  
Blest theme of seraph-tongues above,  
And angel tongues below—

## III.

*Mercy*—the only hope of man;  
The rainbow of his fears;  
That smiles away, since floods began,  
The deluge of his tears—

## IV.

*Mercy*—thou soul reviving pow’r!  
When SMITH implor’d thy grace,



In that tremendous awful hour,  
Why turn away thy face?

## V.

Has *Justice* so vindictive grown,  
That *Mercy* cannot spare?  
Can naught but blood for blood atone?  
Can death, with death, repair?

## VI.

Methinks I hear that cherub voice,  
Responding to my lay—  
'Pity and pardon were my choice,  
But vengeance fill'd the way.

## VII.

Foul was the crime—of deepest die—  
Abhorr'd by all that livè;  
Still my prerogative and cry,  
Is always to '*forgive*.'

## VIII.

If deep contrition mark the soul,  
No matter what the crime,  
Tho' large as space from pole to pole,  
And multiplied as time——

## IX.

My arms the penitent embrace,  
But cannot always save,  
Unless when justice takes my place,  
I step beyond the grave.

## X

*There* still my sympathies infold,  
*There Justice* claims no more ;  
*There* bliss unceasing, joys untold,  
 Around the victim pour :

## XI

For *there* an ADVOCATE is found,  
 Who once himself was slain ;  
 The flood that issued from his wound,  
 Can wash away the stain.

## XII.

He knows what human passions are—  
 In love how fierce they rage—  
 Pities the orphan's lost despair—  
 His tenderness of age :

## XIII

And tho' the horrid act he hates,  
 Forgiveness can bestow,  
 And bid heav'n's everlasting gates  
 Call home repentant woe.

*On the MASSACRE of the AMERICAN PRISONERS, at  
 Dartmoor Prison, England, 1810.*

HOW burns the blood within our veins,  
 To hear the tragic tale ;  
 The crime which *Dartmoor Prison* stains,  
 Would turn a demon pale !

Infuriate see your passions rise,  
While you recite the deed;  
And vengeance flashes from your eyes,  
At ev'ry word you read.

'Tis manly, patriotic, just,  
And cherish well the flame,  
Till mingling with your mother dust,  
Remember *Shortland's* name.

Inscribe it on the blacken'd scroll  
Of infamy and guilt;  
And with infernal acts enrol  
The deeds—the blood he spilt,

Cold hearted murd'rer! see him stand,  
And hear him give the word!  
Swift dart the balls, at his command,  
And thrusts the fulgent sword!

Unarm'd and helpless, see them fall,  
*Americans* are these!  
Slain while they yet for *quarters* call,  
And *murder'd on their knees!*

Detested coward! is it thus  
You conquer highborn foes?  
The only vict'ry gain'd o'er us,  
As well your nation knows,

And long may British valor boast  
    *One trophy of the war ;*  
Let Shortland's triumph be your toast,  
    And spread your glory far.

But while you revel with delight,  
    O'er bloody scenes like these,  
Know that a GOD beholds the sight,  
    And dread his just decrees.

Know that Americans are brave,  
    When vengeance cries pursue ;  
No foe can meet them *on the wave*,  
    No pow'r *on earth* subdue ;

If man to man, and gun to gun,  
    And ship to ship they close,  
The battle instantly is won,  
    And "*ours*" the vanquish'd foes.

So, should another war commence,  
    T' avenge our country's wrongs,  
While unaton'd this foul offence,  
    To *freemen* it belongs,

Just retribution to bestow  
    Upon these *savage slaves*—  
To let their royal masters know  
    *Columbia "rules the waves."*

## FALSE ESTIMATE OF THE WORLD.

WHEN titles, wealth, and pow'r combine

To raise the man unjust,

Fools almost worship, as divine,

This reptile of the dust.

To him mean adulation pays

The tribute of her breath ;—

Nay gives her very *murd'rer* praise,

While in the pangs of death.

*Friends* swarm around his board, like flies,

To lick th' entangling sweet ;

While *want* in supplication lies,

A worm beneath his feet.

Talk of idolatry who will,

'Tis ev'ry where the same ;

E'en CHRISTIANS have their idol still,

And *MONEY* is the name.

E'en PRIESTS obey its sovereign "call"—

The good of souls at heart ;

And as their wages rise or fall,

Can tarry, or depart.

If lean the flock, and short the fleece,

Their *duty* calls—' *away*' ;

Not all the eloquence of Greece,

Could flatter them to stay.

The magic of a single word,  
Can give another fold,  
These holy servants of the Lord—  
A larger lump of *gold*.

The glitt'ring of a title shows  
The man in wisdom big;  
Like a bright ring within the nose  
Of wizzard's well-learn'd '*pig*.'

All stuff—disgusting empty trash—  
No solid worth appears  
Attendant on the man of CASH—  
A jackass—all but ears.

And yet the only passport this,  
To honor, pow'r and fame;  
The sum of sublunary bliss,  
Is man's eternal shame.

Wrapp'd in course rags, see genius lie,  
Extinguish'd and forgot;  
Which blaz'd a meteor through the sky,  
But perish'd where it shot!

With loads of poverty worn down,  
The man of merit stands;  
Oft the derision of a clown,  
And fetter'd by his hands.

But there's a retribution day,  
 When man shall have his right,  
 When deeds of darkness and dismay,  
 Shall all be brought to light.

With patience wait GOD's own due time,  
 For come it will, at last,  
 When Virtue's recompence sublime,  
 Is—HEAVEN—for HELL that's *past*.

---

" *Virtue and Vice, Liberty and Oppression, are beloved and detested, by the good and bad, of all countries and nations.*"

---

THERE is a tie in kindred souls,  
 Which nothing can dissever;  
 And though as distant as the poles,  
 Attractions feel forever;  
 As the same sun illumines and warms,  
 So the same spirit lights and charms.

Conning the leaves of hist'ry o'er,  
 How the heart thrills with pleasure,  
 To find the man, who lives no more,  
 (Our bosom's dearest treasure)  
 Lives—moves—converses face to face,  
 Like ghosts in some enchanted place.

*Virtue* is ev'ry where alike,  
Belov'd in ev'ry nation,  
While *Vice* ne'er fails the mind to strike  
With horrid detestation ;  
Though, with *misnomer*, various times,  
Vices are virtues—virtues, crimes.

These two great leading chiefs are found,  
Sim'lar in size and stature,  
Known, but unchang'd, the world around,  
Invincible by nature ;  
Eternal warfare is their game—  
Eternal vict'ry—man their aim.

One seeks his object to *destroy*  
By captivating splendor,  
And calls up pow'rs in his employ,  
Worse than the witch of Endor ;  
The other uses ev'ry art  
To *vanguish*—but to *save* the heart.

Enlisted on the side of *Vice*,  
Are slavery and oppression ;  
Kings, with a heart as cold as ice,  
Join in the black procession ;  
Their motto—prisons, death and pains—  
Their music—groans ; their weapons—chains.

But *Virtue* numbers in her train,  
The world's great benefactors,



Who always *have* and *will* maintain  
 The name of noble actors—  
 Heroes in freedom's glorious cause  
 Of equal rights, and rightful laws.

Grecian and Roman, English, French,  
 Philosophers and heroes,  
 Have grac'd the field, the bar, the bench,  
 (Though all have had their Neroes)  
 Perish'd in liberty's defence,  
 Or bled for injur'd innocence.

Americans have caught the flame,  
 O may it burn eternal !  
 A sun to light their path of fame,  
 Through groves forever vernal,  
 Where freedom's sacred temple stands,  
 Built by immortal patriots' hands.

Though fiends of tyranny essay  
 This temple to demolish ;  
 To drive its worshippers away,  
 Its rituals abolish ;  
 As Satan once like lightning fell,  
 'Tis proof against the gates of hell.

Religion, Virtue, Freedom, Truth,  
 The same in ev'ry nation ;  
 Their heritage—unfading youth,  
 Their residence—creation's

And when the last great day shall come,  
Eternity their joyful home.

---

To my young niece, Miss SERENE F—— who sent  
me a watch-piece, on which was painted an elegant  
basket of fruit, bestrewn with beautiful  
flowers; around it were these lines:—

“ This basket I fill, and present it to you,  
For whom my affection is ardent and true.”

---

THE fruit which in your basket came,  
Though artificial, dear ;  
In taste, in fragrance, and in name,  
The sweetest of the year.

With feelings grateful, tender, warm,  
Your off’ring was receiv’d ;  
Which to my heart convey’d a charm—  
A cordial that reliev’d

A heart which oft hath bled to see,  
And feel, what no one knows,  
But him, dear girl, who gives to thee,  
A respite of his woes.

The voice of *friendship*, what more sweet ?  
The coldest blood it thrills !—  
Winds round despair’s forlorn retreat,  
Beset with human ills—

Wooing the wand'rer to return,  
 And taste of bliss awhile ;  
 Joy in his breast begins to burn....  
 It lightens in a smile !

But ah ! dear lovely maid, beware,  
 As you advance in years ;  
 False friendship is a deadly snare—  
 A crocodile in tears !

For under that suspicious name,  
 And in her garb is found,  
 Death to the fair one's spotless fame—  
 A more than mortal wound !

And while you paint these fruits and flow'rs,  
 As nature is pourtray'd,  
 Never forget those coming hours,  
 When all on earth must fade.

E'en that fair hand thy pencil guides,  
 Must wither and decay ;  
 E'en that warm heart, where heav'n resides,  
 Must be as cold as clay.

May all your life be like your name—  
 SERENE, and calm, and clear ;  
 And may your death be like the same—  
 But far remov'd the year.

*To the Memory of Brig. Gen. ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, who fell at the capture of Little York, U. C. April 27, 1813.*

IF ever angels, from the blissful skies,  
Look down on mortals with benignant eyes,  
'Tis when the brave repose in heav'n their trust,  
Whose cause is righteous, and whose views are just ;  
'Tis on the hero, who, when duty calls,  
O'er death triumphant, nobly fights and falls ;  
If ever grief intrudes on heav'nly bliss,  
'Tis when such scenes occur—a sight like this ;  
A scene which caus'd our sorrowing hearts to swell,  
When *Pike* so recently in battle fell.

Lov'd by all ranks, rever'd wherever known,  
His name a terror to his *foes* alone :  
In whom the virtues all were seen to blend,  
In war an enemy, in peace a friend ;  
Offspring of honor, valor's fav'rite child,  
Calm, but determined—spirited, but mild ;  
Stern, though not haughty ; affable, tho' grave ;  
Politely resolute, humanely brave ;  
In discipline not cruelly severe ;  
His soldiers lov'd him with a filial fear ;  
Prompt to their needs of what to each belongs,  
Just to their rights—attentive to their wrongs ;  
He knew the spirit of the *man* to save—  
To lead the soldier, not to drive the *slave* ;—

T' infuse that valor, which himself possess'd,  
Through all his ranks—in ev'ry private's breast.

In early youth his country's arms he bore,  
When the drear western wilds he travers'd o'er;  
In early youth he caught the patriot's flame,  
And planted laurels in the field of fame;  
The growth luxuriant, subsequently spread,  
And twin'd, as if by instinct, round his head;  
Though now in death the warrior's corse lies low,  
On his moist grave perpetual wreaths shall grow;  
Year after year refflourish and be seen  
To wear a livelier hue, a brighter green.

---

### INDEPENDENCE.

AN ODE—1816.

#### I.

TWICE twenty years have roll'd away,  
Since on this memorable day,  
Was INDEPENDENCE born;  
The child of heav'n—of earth the joy,  
Whom no base *Herod* could destroy,  
Though feeble and forlorn.

#### II.

Its strength hath increas'd with its years, till behold,  
A giant-Collossus it stands;  
A statue like those which were worshipp'd of old,  
When gods were the work of men's hands:

## POEMS.

61

A statue, though spirit and life it contains—

Breathes, speaks in a language well known,

"From all other nations, to you it belongs

To cherish my blessings—alone :"

### III.

"To you, Americans, I give

Man's equal rights to share ;

And be those rights, or die, or live,

Your ever constant care."

### IV.

Our heroes lamented,

Have purchas'd the prize,

Their blood hath cemented,

Their genius invented—

With off'rings sweet scented,

The same where it lies.

### V.

Lighted by a flame of glory,

Is the temple—on its walls

Sculptur'd are those deeds in story,

Which *renown* immortal calls.

### VI.

And when Britannia lately sought, again

To bind our nation, with a tenfold chain—

With all the pow'rs of Europe on her side,

To her indebted, and with her allied—

While *native savages*—internal foes,

With murder, treason, and rebellion rose—

Thy name, O INDEPENDENCE! like a charm,  
 Call'd from black heav'ns the meteor of alarm,  
 Which shot like lightning, thro' each dauntless soul!  
 And broke, like thunder, with tremendous roll!  
 The bolts of vengeance on our foes were hurl'd,  
 And peace, and Independence, bless'd the world!

## VII.

Such is the magic of thy name,  
 And such the wonders of thy fame;  
 Long may thy offspring calmly rest  
 Securely on Columbia's breast;  
 That breast which glows with noble pride,  
 To no legitimates allied,  
 Save God and nature—these it owns,  
 Above all potentates and thrones;  
 From these the people, ev'ry hour,  
 Derive and exercise their pow'r;  
 To these amenable for all—  
 Masters to whom they stand or fall.  
 With such immortal pow'rs allied,  
 With God and Nature on our side,  
 The glorious Æra let us hail,  
 Which gave to man, so weak, so frail,  
 A boon so precious from the sky,  
 As *Independence*—FOURTH JULY.

## VIII,

May all other nations, in time, too, rejoice  
 To have, for their rulers, the men of their choice—

The king of all kings, but no other obey,  
And blest *Independence* the *Universe* sway.

---

## FAITH.

FAITH is the substance of our hopes,

Unseen by mortal eyes ;

FAITH is the key of pray'r, that opens

The treasures of the skies.

FAITH is the dawn of heav'nly light,

That cheers the doubting soul,

And drives away those clouds of night,

That round her vision roll.

FAITH is the rising of the morn—

The sun's full-beaming rays,

When the blest convert, newly born,

Pours forth his heart in praise.

FAITH is the word of wisdom's choice,

Which bids all murm'ring cease ;

A holy, heavenly still small voice,

That whispers love and peace.

FAITH is that power which Death disarms—

That takes away his sting—

Quells the pale tyrant's dread alarms,

And slays the terror-king.



FAITH heaves the mountain\* from its base,  
And hurls it in the sea ;  
FAITH is the heaven of God's free grace,  
Prepar'd, O man, for thee.

---

*Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—Rom. 12, 15.*

WHEN holy fervor thrills the soul,  
And sympathy divine,  
Bids tears of joy profusely roll,  
Around devotion's shrine ;

When deep repentance melts the heart,  
And gushing sorrows flow,  
To quench conviction's fiery dart,  
Which gave the wounding blow ;

When joy supernal soars aloft,  
On faith's unspotted wing,  
And breathing raptures pure and soft,  
In songs that angels sing ;

Or when adversity appears  
With all her frightful train—  
Death and disease, and groans and tears,  
And poverty, and pain ;

\* Sin.

Hear, hear this sweet angelic voice,

And lull those fears to sleep—

“ Rejoice with them that do rejoice,

And weep with them that weep.”

And when to Heaven’s all glorious day

The pure in heart shall rise,

And ev’ry tear is wip’d away

From ev’ry mortal’s eyes ;

Eternal happiness to reap,

Will be your only choice ;

For then, O there you cannot weep,—

But evermore rejoice.

### THE NEWS-BOY’S

*New-Year’s Address to his Patrons, 1817.*

ANOTHER year has roll’d away—

Another “ happy *New-Year’s*” day

Has come, like me, with smiling face,

Full of hilarity and grace,

Both asking, as the case demands,

A tribute from your hearts and hands.

Long have I toil’d your thoughts t’ amuse—

With *pleasing* and *unpleasing* news—

By turns have brought you from afar,

The tidings of both *peace* and *war*—

Deaths, suicides and horrid crimes,  
Which stain the annals of our times,  
Commingled in the very page  
Where *Virtue* joy of ev'ry age,  
And pure *Religion*, undefil'd,  
Calm, holy, dignified, and mild,  
Are seen to flourish, triumph, spread—  
*Around* the living—*from* the dead.

Oft have I brought, your eyes to bless,  
This paper, reeking from the press,  
Teeming with wonder-raising things,  
Done by great potentates and kings—  
Their proclamations and decrees—  
The words, fools think, of deities—  
Their prostitution—marriage ties,  
Between legitimate allies;  
Where a few drops of royal blood,  
United form a mighty flood,  
Sweeping before it, as it flows,  
The rights and liberties of those  
Unlucky mortals, held in scorn,  
Who happen to be "*basely born*."  
As if the God of nature made  
His image for the sake of trade—  
On purpose to be bought and sold—  
Barter'd for crowns--enslav'd for gold!

Here, too, you frequently have found,  
And tasted fruit from classic ground--

With CAMPBELL scal'd *Parnassus* mount,  
 Or drank the *Heliconian* fount—  
 With *Byron*, and with *Walter Scott*,  
 (What reader would not turn a sot?)  
 Have snatch'd a mental sweet repast—  
 Short, for too exquisite to last—  
 Returning to our native plains,  
 Heard OSBORN's sweetly flowing strains—  
 But PHILLIPS—why forget his name,  
 Whose genius breaks in sheets of flame,  
 Like lightning—darts from east to west,  
 Melts all the heart—but leaves it blest—  
 Leads up the soul where virtue reigns,  
 And leaves it *happy*—though in chains.  
 With scraps alternately from these,  
 We, printers, strive t' instruct and please;  
 And must our labors all be lost?  
 Nipp'd by a hard untimely frost?  
 "No"—gen'rous patrons!—"no"—you cry,  
 And no, our grateful hearts rep'y.

Here, also, ev'ry reader learns  
 Our state and national concerns;  
 How legislators—reader pause—  
 Have loaded us with *Sal'ry laws*—  
 The greatest gluttons of the day,  
 Have revell'd on the soldier's pay,  
 Till gorg'd and surfeited with wine,  
 Their seats of honor they resign;

But justify the measure still,  
 Though known to thwart the people's will.  
 O shame! where is thy blushing face,  
 Hid in a cloud of black disgrace!  
 O liberty! where is thy flight—  
 Gone with the phantoms of the night!  
 They vainly think the wound to heal  
 By application of *Repeal*—  
 'Twill leave a smart, severer far—  
 Leave its *remembrance*, in a *scar*.  
 Yet, thanks to Heav'n, there's some remain,  
 Whose garments ne'er have known a stain—  
 Just as *Aristides*, and true  
 As fam'd *Las Casas* of Peru;  
 Though here to name them would prolong  
 The stated limits of my song;  
 To them we look, to them we pray,  
 "Save—save our country—while you may."

Now as the year has just begun  
 Again its ann'al race to run;  
 As Time's rapidity of flight,  
 Equall'd alone by that of light,  
 Fast leads us on from stage to stage—  
 From youth to manhood—up to age—  
 As thus we journey on the way,  
 Remember *all have FARE to pay*—  
 That ev'ry mortal wants his due  
 (The *Printer* and the *Post-Boy* too).

That when we reach the common goal,  
 And heav'n is opening on the soul,  
 For fear its golden gates may close,  
 And dark interminable woes  
 Should be our hopeless—awful fate;  
 Hence let our reformation date,  
 Begin the year—our lives anew,  
 Keeping eternity in view,  
 That when death comes, terrific King,  
 “*Appear before thy GOD,*” to bring,  
 We may with joyfulness obey  
 The ready mandate, while *THIS DAY*,  
 Sweet to the mem’ry hope inspires,  
 That quenches everlasting fires;  
 A cordial proves your souls to cheer,  
 A *glorious day, an endless year.*

---

### A VOYAGE.

#### INVOCATION TO NEPTUNE.

*Written on board the Frigate Philadelphia, 1803.*

NEPTUNE. attend, god of the vast profound!  
 Whose will controls it, and whose pow’rs surround!  
 When lightnings flash, tremendous thunders roar,  
 And liquid mountains tumble to the shore,  
 Thy awful mandate, sounding from afar,  
 Can hush the din of elemental war;

G

The restless billows lull to slumb'ring peace,  
 And bid the whirlwind and the tempest cease !  
 O make, in answer to our fervent pray'r,  
 The Philadelphia thy peculiar care.  
 To winds propitious all our sails unfurl'd,  
 Bearing the ensign of a glorious world ;  
 Should in our cruise some hostile flag be seen,  
 The Moor, Tripolitan, or Algerine—  
 Should blood-stain'd Mars his hideous front display,  
 And menace carnage to obstruct our way—  
 As stern Ulysses, as Achilles bold,  
 Or warlike Hector, in the days of old,  
 The martial look of Bainbridge shall inspire  
 The dauntless ardor of heroic fire ;  
 His sword shall triumph in the vengeful blow,  
 And deal destruction to the recreant foe.  
 So taught the muse prophetic—but the song  
 Prov'd in the sequel, the prediction wrong.

---

#### EXERCISING SHIP.

*Written at Sea---U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, 1803.*

NOW for the rock our warlike frigate bore,  
 Nor storms were felt to beat, nor heard to roar—  
 "Clear ship for action !" sounds the boatswain's  
     call—  
 "Clear ship for action !" his three mimicks bawl ;

Swift round the decks, see war's dread weapons  
hurl'd,

And floating ruins strew the wat'ry world!

"All hands to quarters!" fore and aft resounds,  
Thrills from the life, and from the drum-head  
bounds;

From crowded hatchways scores on scores arise,  
Spring up the shrouds and vault into the skies!  
Firm at his quarters each bold gunner stands,  
The death-fraught lightning flashing from his hands!  
Touch'd at the word, tremendous cannons roar,  
The waves rush, trembling, to the viewless shore!  
From crackling muskets whizzing balls are sent,  
And, darting, pierce the liquid element!

The fearful nations of the deep below,  
Fly the dire signals of impending woe;

Air's wild inhabitants in clouds convene,  
And wing impetuous from the frightful scene;

Men seek the spoils of the eventful fight,  
Lo! not an enemy nor a sail in sight!

What then? must poets ne'er record a deed,  
Nor sing of battles, but when thousands bleed?  
Can naught but blood and carnage yield delight?  
Or mangled carcases regale the sight?  
Which shews more god-like, men to save—or kill?  
Their *sweat*, by exercise, or *blood* to spill?  
Which sounds more grateful to the man humane,  
To hear of hundreds' health, or hundreds slain?



No blood here flows, no hero's dying groans,  
 No squadrons vanquish'd, and no broken bones ;  
 But each more eager to the grog-tub ran,  
 Than when the foeless contest first began.

Still on our course, the Western-Isles we past,  
 And fam'd Gibraltar heaves in sight, at last ;  
 Close in we stood, at our commander's word,  
 The harbor enter'd, and the frigate moor'd.  
 View'd from the ship, what prospects here arise !  
 The rock's bold summit tow'ring to the skies,  
 Roll'd in eternal clouds, through time has stood,  
 Nods, threats and frowns terrific on the flood !  
 To guard the fortress, and the port command,  
 Round its wall'd base repulsive batt'ries stand,  
 Rows above rows, huge cannon wide extend,  
 And groves of muskets glitt'ring terrors blend !  
 But flow'ry gardens soon relieve the sight,  
 And, side by side, lie horror and delight.

---

### THE LOAF.

*Written in TRIPOLI, 1804.*

THE best of all friends is the friend in distress,  
 And more the rich morsel I prize,  
 Imparted when hunger and poverty press,  
 Than thousands, did fortune suffice.

With gratitude, friend, to the parent above,  
 And thanks to yourself not a few,  
 I took the sweet loaf as a token of love,  
 And ate in remembrance of you.

To life-wasting hunger, to heart-piercing cold,  
 To scourges of tyrants a prey ;  
 'Midst demons of slavery, too fierce to be told,  
 And comrades more brutish than they,

The least of my wants not a soul has reliev'd,  
 Nor friendship emitted a beam ;  
 From you the first crust of regard I receiv'd—  
 From you the first crumb of esteem.

Then take the fond lay as the *yeast* of return,  
 For, while I thus indigent live,  
 Though my breast, like an oven, with gratitude burn,  
 'Tis all I am able to give.

“ John Hilliard died in the evening ”—says Dr.  
 Cowdry.

The Doctor is as laconic in mentioning the death of our seamen, as he was remiss in attending to them. The company of a “ prince,” in a flower-garden, was much more pleasing to the Doctor, than the company of a languishing sailor, in a dreary cell. The gratification of his vanity was obviously anterior to the offices of humanity. He frequently informs us of his prescriptions for the Ba-

shaw and his family, but seldom mentions the sickness or sufferings of his own countrymen. Hilliard died of a flux, which might have been greatly mitigated, if not cured, had he received proper medical attention.

### ELEGY

*On the death of JOHN HILLIARD, who died Jan. 3d,*

*1804, in the prison of Tripoli.*

[Published in the Port Folio.]

HILLIARD, of painful life bereft

Is now a slave no more ;

But here no relative is left,

His exit to deplore !

No parent, no fond brother, stands

Around his clay-cold bed ;

No wife, with tender, trembling hands,

Supports his dying head.

No sister follows or attends

His melancholy bier ;

Nor from a lover's eye descends

The soft distilling tear ;—

But foes, and of a barb'rous kind,

Surround him as he dies ;

A horror to his fainting mind,

And to his closing eyes.

## ELEGY

*On the death of Lieutenant JAMES DECATUR, who  
fell August 3d, 1804, in an action with the T*ri*-  
politan gun-boats.*

THROUGH these drear walls, where fiends horri-  
fic reign,

Chill the faint heart and rend the frantic brain!  
Where, void of friends, of pleasure, food or rest,  
The vulture slavery preys upon the breast;  
From yon thick squadron, whence we hope to hear  
The voice of freedom charm the captive's ear,  
Sounds the sad tale, DECATUR's name deplore,  
For that young hopeful hero breathes no more!  
He left, to free us from barbarian chains,  
His country's blooming groves and peaceful plains;  
Forever sacred be those arms he wore,  
The cause that mov'd him, and the barque that bore;  
'Twas heav'n's own cause---'twas freedom's injur'd  
name,

The love of country and the voice of fame  
Call'd forth his active martial skill, to go  
Scour the wide deep and scourge the tyrant foe:  
Dauntless he fights, where dying groans resound—  
And thund'ring carnage roars tremendous round—  
'Till heav'n beheld him with propitious eyes,  
And snatch'd his kindred spirit to the skies.

When from the Turks his mangled form they bore,  
With glory cover'd, bath'd in streaming gore,

Bewailing friends his ghastly wounds survey'd,  
Which bid defiance to all human aid,  
When life stood trembling, ling'ring in its flight,  
And heav'n's blest visions dawn'd upon his sight;  
The radiant shades of heroes hov'ring round,  
'Midst harps of angels, with reviving sound,  
Sooth'd the last pangs of his undaunted breast,  
And wing'd him, convoy'd, to eternal rest.  
Could worth have rescu'd, or could virtue save  
Her heav'n-born vot'ries from the destin'd grave;  
Could sacred friendship's hallow'd pray'rs bestow  
The gift of immortality below;  
Could thousand's sighs and tears, that ceaseless roll,  
Call from the shores of bliss th' angelic soul:  
(Though the bold wish be impious deem'd and vain)  
Death ne'er had reach'd him, or he'd live again:  
But fate's decrees, irrevocably just,  
Doom'd his frail body to the mingling dust;  
In yon cold deep it finds unwak'd repose,  
Far from th' embrace of friends or reach of foes;  
Till the last trumpet's loud eternal roar  
Call forth its millions from the sea and shore,  
Nor till the final blast and awful day,  
Shall that brave soul re-animate its clay.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO GEN. EATON,

*On reading the Congressional debate respecting his Golden Medal. Written on board the U. States frigate Essex, 1805.*

AND was it then a subject of debate,  
 With those wise *Solons*, in the house of state,  
 Whether should *Derne's* conqueror stand or fall;  
 Or matchless bravery meet reward at all?  
 Whether should EATON, *unexampled* brave,  
 Who fought to rescue, and who bled to save  
*Three hundred captive souls* from chains and death,  
 Whose lives hung, trembling, on a murd'rer's  
     breath,  
 Whether his name descend to future<sup>1</sup> days,  
 On the bright *Medal* of a nation's praise?  
 Or, should his trophies be by all forgot,  
 Mix with the rubbish of the times, and rot?

"Small was his force, half naked were his foes,  
 "And though so numerous, easy to oppose."  
 Thus argued *Randolph*; *Clay* the same avows,  
 And fain would pluck the laurel from his brows—  
 The sword of vict'ry from his hand would wrest,  
 And tear the badge of valor from his breast;  
 But, thank them not, though justice still is found,  
 And grateful honors wreath his temples round.

And was it nought those burning sands t' explore,  
 Where feet of Christians never trod before?

Where freedom's banners ne'er had been unfurl'd,  
Since the bold Romans flourish'd o'er the world ?  
'Midst fierce Barbarians, whom no laws can bind,  
Wild as the waves, and treacherous as the wind,  
To rear that standard and so long defend,  
With less than *twelve*, on whom he might depend ?  
To storm a citadel of tenfold might,  
And hold that fortress, till the flag of white  
Woo'd him to yield it, on the terms of peace—  
Who gave his captive countrymen release ?  
For EATON's boldness first appall'd the foe,  
Who, forc'd like Pharaoh, let the people go.

When the blest shade of WASHINGTON, above,  
Saw the bold chief through Lybian deserts move,  
The sword of vengeance waving in the sky,  
Resolv'd to free his brethren, or to die,  
Those patriot 'lev'n, attending on his way,  
His visage beam'd a more celestial ray ;  
To WARREN and MONTGOM'RY shew'd the sight,  
Then sunk in glory, and absorb'd in light.

Oh! did he live! did *Vernon's* boast again  
Shine in our fields, or in our councils reign,  
His voice from EATON never would withhold,  
Altho' with pearls enrich'd, the burnish'd gold ;  
But by his hand would ardently be prest,  
The conscious symbol to his dauntless breast.

Then let mean envy *Randolph's* spite betray,  
 And dart thine arrows, impious hand of *Clay*!  
 The hand of heav'n—for heav'n rewards the brave,  
 Will bless thee, *Eaton*, e'en beyond the grave.  
 While gratitude shall warm *Columbia's* breast,  
 Thy name shall live, thy merits stand confest;  
 Thy deeds shall brighten on th' historic page,  
 Year after year, and age succeeding age—  
 Wreaths of thy fame, transferr'd by bards sublime,  
 Shall bloom forever 'mid the wrecks of time.

---

#### DESCRIPTION OF TRIPOLI.

*Written in 1803.*

YE lurid domes! whose tott'ring columns stand,  
 Marks of the despot's desolating hand:  
 Whose weed-grown roofs and mould'ring arches  
     show  
 The curse of tyranny, a nation's woe;  
 In ev'ry ruin—ev'ry pile I find  
 A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind.  
 Your gloomy cells expressive silence break,  
 Echo to groans, and eloquently speak;—  
 "The Christian's blood cements the stones he rears;  
 "This clay was moisten'd with a Christian's tears;  
 "Pale as these walls a pris'ner oft has lain,  
 "Felt the keen scourge and worn the ruthless chain;  
 "While scoffing foes increasing tortures pour,  
 "Till the poor victim feels, alas! no more!"



Here thy brave tars, America, are found  
 Lock'd in foul prisons and in fetters bound.  
 Heav'ns! what sad times! must free Columbians  
 bow

Before yon tinsel tyrant's murky brow?  
 Cringe to a pow'r which death and rapine crown?  
 Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown?  
 Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,  
 Enrich'd by spoils and stain'd with human gore?  
 Bear the sharp lash, the pond'rous load sustain,  
 Suppress their anger, and revenge restrain?  
 Leave a free clime, explore the treach'rous waves,  
 The sport of miscreants and the slave of slaves?  
 Heav'ns! at the sight each patriot bosom glows  
 With virtuous hatred on its country's foes;  
 At ev'ry blow indignant passions rise,  
 And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.  
 But heav'n is just, though man's bewilder'd mind  
 To the dark ways of providence is blind;  
 Else why are some ordain'd above the rest,  
 Or villains treated better than the best?  
 Why, martyr'd virtue, hang thy injur'd head?  
 Why liv'd an Arnold, while a Warren bled?  
 Earth's murd'ers triumph, proud oppressors reign.  
 While patriots bleed and captives sigh in vain?  
 Yet slumb'ring justice soon shall wake and show  
 Her sword, unsheath'd, and vengeance wing the  
 blow:

## POEMS.

Columbia's genius, glorious as the sun,  
With thy blest shade, immortal Washington !  
Unite to guard us from nefarious foes,  
And heav'n defend, and angels interpose,  
Devoted tyrants cause just wrath to feel,  
Make Beys and Bashaws in submission kneel;  
Man's equal right, sweet liberty, restore,  
And despotism crush, to rise no more.

---

### WAR;

OR A PROSPECT OF IT,

*From recent instances of British outrage.*

VOIGARIES of freedom arm !

The British lion roars !

Legions of valor, take th' alarm—

Rush, rush to guard our shores !

Behold the horrid deed—

Your brethren gasping lie ;

Beneath a tyrant's hand they bleed—

They groan—they faint—they die.

Vet'rans of seventy-six,

Awake the slumb'ring sword !

Hearts of your murd'rous foes transfix—

'Tis vengeance gives the word.

H

---

Remember Lexington,  
And Bunker's tragic hill ;  
The same who spilt your blood thereon,  
Your blood again would spill.

Ye who have seen your wives,  
Your children, and your sires,  
To British ruffians yield their lives,  
And roast in savage fires ;

Our cities lost in flames—  
Your mothers captive led—  
Rise and avenge their injur'd names,  
Ye kindred of the dead.

But not revenge alone,  
Should urge you to the field !  
Let duty lead you firmly on,  
And Justice be your shield.

Sure as we fail to join  
And crush our impious foes,  
War, fire and sword, and death combine,  
And woes succeed to woes.

Behold, with blushes red,  
The sea like blood appears ;  
Our streams are bridg'd with fancied dead,  
And brim'd with orphan's tears ;

But Union can perform  
The wonders of a host—  
Avert the danger, quell the storm,  
And drive them from our coast.

Unite, and sit by side,  
Meet victory or your graves;  
That moment we in War divide,  
That moment we are slaves.

*July 20, 1807.*

---

TO THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE  
PREBLE.

WHILE WAR, fierce monster, stain'd with guiltless  
blood,  
Roars, threats, and rages round th' infuriate flood;  
While hostile Britons murd'ring fleets employ  
T' infest our harbors and our ships destroy—  
Impress our tars in their inglorious cause,  
In base defiance of all nations' laws;  
When each bold vet'ran, in his country's name,  
Is call'd to save her freedom and her fame;  
When few whose bravery and whose nautic skill  
Can duly execute her sovereign will;  
What sighs of sorrow waft from shore to shore,  
With these sad tidings—" *Preble is no more!*"

Erst when mad Tripoli, in prowess vain,  
 With her rapacious corsairs block'd the main;  
 Pour'd round our ships in predatory swarms,  
 With purple banners and audacious arms—  
 Our neutral cargoes plunder'd on the waves,  
 And made our free-born citizens her slaves;  
 When our late frigate groan'd upon the shoals,  
 So deeply freighted with three hundred souls,  
 Who sigh'd in durance till yon lamp of night  
 Full twenty changes had renew'd its light,  
 'Twas *Preble* first that dauntless squadron led,  
 Where *Somers* perish'd, and *Decatur* bled;  
 Where *Wadsworth*, *Israel*, met in death their fate,  
 With kindred martyrs full as brave and great;  
 'Twas *Preble* first those barb'rous pirates show'd—  
*Justice was all the tribute that we ow'd,*  
 And prov'd that when Columbia vengeance bears,  
 'Tis nought but mercy that the victim spares.

Let British bards, in mercenary lays,  
 Chaunt forth elegiac strains to Nelson's praise;  
 Though oft victorious, and though nobly brave,  
 He fought that tyranny might crush the slave;  
 He fought that tyrants o'er the world might rule,  
 And died a mad-man, as he liv'd a fool.

But *Preble's* cause e'en heav'n itself might own,  
 In heav'n 'tis cherish'd, and through earth 'tis  
 known!

In heav'n 'tis warbled from enraptured choirs,  
 It charms their numbers, and it tunes their lyres—  
 The cause of FREEDOM—dear to him who knows  
 The adverse horrors, and the poignant woes  
 Of slavery, dungeons, hunger, stripes and chains,  
 With dismal prospects of augmented pains!  
 To free the captive, noble, gen'rous deed,  
 Who would not swear to fight, or sigh to bleed?  
 To free the captive, *Preble* wing'd his aid,  
 And more firm valor never was display'd.  
 When round our prison's solitary walls  
 Burst the dread meteor-bomb-shells—shower'd the  
       balls!

Our hearts for liberty or death beat high,  
 And who for freedom would not wish to die?  
 To him we look'd, on him our hopes relied—  
 The friend of seamen, and the seaman's pride;  
 To him we look'd, and righteous heav'n implor'd  
 To speed the vengeance of his slaughtering sword;  
 Nor is he now, though vain his efforts prov'd,  
 The less lamented or the less belov'd;  
 But each late captive, year succeeding year,  
 Will bless his mem'ry, and his name revere.

Yes, gallant chief! though virtuous, just and  
       brave,  
 Thine is the lot of man—the dreary grave!  
 With heroes fainted, who have gone before,  
 Like them we priz'd thee, and like them deplore!

And though thine arm, of Barb'ry once the dread,  
Lies cold and wither'd 'midst the unconscious dead,  
Unfading laurels at thy name shall bloom,  
Spring from thy dust, and flourish round thy tomb?

Lamented chief! though death he calmly past,  
Our Navy trembled when he breath'd his last!  
Our Navy mourns him, but it mourns in vain,  
A *Preble* ne'er will live—ne'er die again!  
Yet hope desponding, at the thought revives,  
A second *Preble*!—a *Decatur* lives!  
*His* worth, *his* merit, *well* are understood,  
His hand is skilful and his heart is good;  
Bold shall he chase yon demons of the wave,  
For all who know him—know him to be brave.

To him Columbia casts her streaming eyes,  
Wipes their free torrent, and suspends her sighs.  
*September 7th, 1807.*

## CASH.

WISE moralists in vain have told  
How sordid is the love of gold,  
Which they call filthy trash ;  
Thou stranger to these eyes of mine,  
Ten thousand virtues still are thine,  
Thou all-sufficient CASH !

Though thy intrinsic worth is small,  
Yet, MONEY, thou art all in all—  
Though transient as a flash,  
In passing just from hand to hand,  
The earth is at thy sole command—  
It gravitates to CASH.

Possess'd of thee, we may defy,  
Not death itself, but very nigh ;  
For when the tyrant's lash  
Is felt, and ah ! 'twas felt by me,  
It *did*—it *will* the vassal free—  
Then who despises CASH.

By nature void of ev'ry grace,  
If thou hast, (reader! view thy face,)  
But this cosmetic wash,  
'Twill whiten and improve the skin—  
Thy monkey nose—thy cheeks, and chin,  
Are beautified by CASH.



And though your mental pow'rs be weak,  
To you who money have I speak,  
Go on -- shave--cut and slash ;  
For men of genius and of sense,  
If *poor*, will make a *poor* defence,  
Against the man of CASH.

Or should you, for the basest crimes;  
Become indicted fifty times,  
This settles all the harsh;  
For bills which leave the poor no hope,  
T' escape the dungeon, or the rope,  
Are cancell'd, all, by CASH.

Nay, 'twill be found that Money can  
The grov'ling beast transform to Man,  
Though diff'rent natures clash;  
For 'tis a fact beyond dispute,  
The Miser's far beneath the brute—  
A lump of living CASH.

And yet what crowds around him wait—  
Behold him cloth'd in pow'r and state—  
The garter, star and sash ;  
Fools fly before the potent nod ;  
Of him whose flesh, whose soul, whose god,  
Whose heaven itself is CASH.

But, sons of PLUTUS! lest ye go  
To those infernal *mines* below,  
Where teeth are said to gnash—  
Give to the needy—bribe the grave—  
Oh, if you wish your souls to save,  
Be *gen'rous of your cash*!

---

## A POETICAL ADDRESS

*From the Publishers of the ONONDAGA GAZETTE,  
to their readers—1816.*

TO give you timely information  
Of things momentous to the nation,  
Mixt with events of recent date,  
Most interesting to the state;  
'The patriotic flame to fan,  
Which glows in ev'ry virtuous man;  
And rouse to energy that spirit  
Which true Republicans inherit;  
Augment their zeal, their strength unite,  
To guard, with vigilance, each right  
Against domestic machinations,  
As well as foreign depredations;  
And save, if in their pow'r to save,  
What God and Nature to us gave—  
The richest blessings ever known—  
Priz'd and enjoy'd by us alone;

For these, and other objects yet,  
We print and publish this *Gazette*.  
Though paramount to all the rest  
Are motives previously express'd ;  
Though we shall always set before  
You *wholesome* food, if nothing more ;  
Yet shall it be our constant care  
To give you *palatable* fare,  
With now and then a dainty bit  
Of highly seasoned native *wit* ;  
Taking due caution, though, in punning,  
That authors do not get *too cunning* ;  
For nothing injures printers more,  
Than turning *common sense* out door,  
And letting in, at ev'ry rap,  
The scribblings of some *witty* chap,  
Written, perhaps, with mighty pains,  
Without the requisite of *brains*.

Though interested warm collisions,  
And wide political divisions  
Unhappily exist, and will,  
In spite of all the statesman's skill ;  
Although we cannot smiling stand,  
And take *Sedition* by the hand ;  
Hold friendly concour-e with those wights  
Who own the signal of Blue Lights ;  
Although we must and will oppose  
Such as we deem our country's foes ;

Men, who . in peril's darkest day,  
In ambush, like assassins, lay,  
Ready to seize, with trait'rous hand,  
The reins which government command,  
And drive, with more than hellish hate,  
To headlong crush the car of state,  
Yet shall it be our steady aim,  
To injure no man's private fame ;  
But hold as sacred ev'ry tether  
That binds society together.

*Religion*, pure and undefil'd,  
Of Heav'n the ever darling child,  
Whatever sect or name she bears,  
Whatever hue or garb she wears,  
If founded on the gospel plan—  
Of love to God and love to man,  
Shall ne'er be scoff'd at, nor neglected,  
But honor'd cherish'd, and respected.  
*Morality*, her sister, too,  
Shall meet with all attention due—  
Her precepts strictly be regarded,  
Her merits handsomely rewarded,  
By ev'ry effort, means and way,  
A public journal can display.

Retailers here may advertise  
Their goods and wares, and merchandize—

With—"Just receiv'd, and now for sale,  
 "By piece, or pattern, yard or nail,  
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 For costs and int'rest—toys and rattles ;  
 And when all other sources fail,  
 Pack off his body to a jail ;  
 Although they sometimes, paring thin,  
 The carcase leave, but take the skin.

T'escape from too much work, or flogging,  
Should your apprentices be jogging ;  
Should horses cattle, sheep, or swine,  
Half starv'd at home, walk out to dine—  
(Meeting some unforeseen disaster,  
Never return to "serve their master;")  
Here you may spread the news around,  
And find them—landed in a pound.  
Or should your kind and loving spouse,  
Desert your bed and board, and house ;  
(For nought on earth, as you can tell,  
But being lov'd by you too well)—  
Ramble and tattle, scold and fret,  
And run you head and ears in debt ;  
Here you may all your reasons muster,  
And warn the public not to trust her,  
Who basely has your head cornuted,  
On pain of being prosecuted.  
Here, too, the woman may defend  
Her character from head to end,  
And swear, by all that's great and good,  
No lady ever since the flood,  
Not even Bonaparte's old queen,  
Was so abus'd as she has been ;  
Whose very life was rendered risky,  
By that nefarious son of—whiskey ;  
While neighbors prove to one another,  
That one's as much to blame as t' other.

Should some sweet maid by chance get mar-  
 The news can rapidly be carried  
 Through all the country far and wide,  
 (An odd way to salute the bride)  
 A modest manner to make known  
 What modesty would blush to own ;  
 But wisely meant to keep the fair,  
 Though antiquated, from despair.

Should Bonaparte Old Nick subpœna,  
 And so escape from St Helena ;  
 Re-enter subjugated France,  
 (For which there seems to be no chance)  
 And the Prince Regent so affright,  
 That he should bid the world good night ;  
 The allied troops again attack,  
 And throw the Sovereigns on their back ;  
 Resume the sceptre and the crown,  
 And drum the Bourbons out of town ;  
 Should things as strange as this, or stranger,  
 Occur, (of which we think no danger)  
 Should *wealth* and *impudence* divide,  
 Or *ign'ance* be divorc'd from *pride* ;  
 Should *perfect honesty* be found  
 Except at six feet under ground—  
*Disinterestedness* appear,  
 In shape of any mortal here ;  
 Should miracles like these transpire,



Volcanoes burst, or towns take fire ;  
 Or should another conflagration  
 Destroy the round-house of the nation ;  
 Or a Connecticut Convention,  
 Again show treas'nable intention :  
 Should Mr. Secretary Dwight,  
 Puff out his " Albany Blue Light ;"  
 Our paper never shall refuse -  
 To spread, in time, such *dreadful news*

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## SONG.

[WRITTEN IN TRIPOLI.]

Tune—"Madam you know my trade is war?"

COLUMBIA ! while the sons of fame  
 Thy freedom through the world proclaim,  
 And hell-born tyrants dread the name  
     That wills all nations free ;  
 Remote, on Barb'ry's pirate coast,  
 By foes enslav'd, a miscreant host,  
 No more the rights of man we boast—  
     Adieu, blest Liberty !

How fearful lour'd the gloomy day,  
 When, stranded on the shoals we lay  
 Expos'd, our foremast cut away,  
     To the rough dashing sea ;

When hostile gun-boats thunder'd round,  
And no relief, nor hopes were found,  
These mournful words swell'd ev'ry sound,  
Adieu, blest Liberty!

In helpless servitude, forlorn,  
From country, friends, and freedom torn,  
Alike we dread each night and morn,  
For nought but grief we see ;  
When burthens press—the lash we bear,  
And all around is black despair,  
We breathe the silent, fervent pray'r,  
O come, blest Liberty !

Mem'ry, to mis'ry e'er unkind,  
Brings present, to the painful mind,  
The woes oblivion, else, would find,  
And evils cease to be ;  
And fancy, when we're wrapp'd in sleep,  
Conveys us o'er the boundless deep ;  
But, wak'd to sigh, we live to weep,  
Adieu, blest Liberty !

And when invading cannons roar,  
And life, their blood, from hundreds pour,  
And mangled bodies float ashore,  
And ruins strew the sea ;  
The thoughts of death, or freedom, near,  
Create alternate hope and fear ;  
Oh! when will that blest day appear,  
That brings sweet Liberty !

When rear'd on yonder castle's height,  
 That now bare flagstaff's drest in white,  
 We gaze, enraptur'd at the sight;  
     How happy shall we be!  
 When thund'ring guns proclaim a peace,  
 Our toils all o'er, our woes shall cease,  
 We'll bless the pow'r that brings release,  
     And hail sweet liberty!

---

 POLITICAL.

' *One can't go right, the other may go wrong.*'  
 THE man who thinks that *all* is right,  
 Done by *republicans*, is quite—  
     Nay dreadfully mistaken:  
 Meanness, and selfishness, and wrong,  
 As much to *some of them* belong,  
     As hog's-flesh does to bacon.  
 Some of the *leading ones* we mean,  
 Who never fail to step between  
     True merit and promotion;  
 Shoving superior worth aside,  
 A pass to make for crafty pride—  
     Self-idol of devotion.  
 Genius is nothing in the scale  
 Weigh'd against property:—a whale  
     Out balances a ruby;

And so the man of wealth we rate,  
Not by his wisdom, but his weight,  
A huge important booby!

'Tis so—deny it if you can—  
Where is the poor but virtuous man,  
Who scorns dissimulation?  
Not with the bays of honor crown'd—  
Not gen'rally in office found,  
But a secluded station.

A few mad demagogues combin'd,  
Worse than blind leaders of the blind  
The people land in ditches;  
And while they flounce and founder there,  
Themselves the loaves and fishes share—  
Honor, and pow'r, and riches.

Raising their salaries so high,  
(Æconomy their constant cry)  
A rod-pole cannot reach them;  
And would you call them to account,  
To what would your complaints amount?  
They know you can't impeach them.

To ev'ry office in the state,  
These claim the right to nominate—  
Themselves or their descendents;  
And if you strike them from the list,  
Large swarms, more hungry still, exist—  
Their friends, and their dependents.

But let not fed'ral leaders hence,  
Exult in their own innocence,  
Nor think these accusations  
Exculpate *them* from equal blame—  
No—to their everlasting shame,  
Much baser speculations

Have mark'd the progress of *their* reign ;  
And should they rise to pow'r again,  
(O righteous Heav'n forbid it !)  
What might we not expect from those  
Who late caress'd their country's foes,  
And if they lov'd her—hid it !

Evil and good are mix'd in all,  
Great fishes swallow up the small,  
And so 'twill be forever ;  
Yet, could the people learn to know  
Their rights, their strength, 'twould not be so ;  
When will that happen ?—never.

---

*To those democratic Members of Congress, who  
voted for the Salary Bill.—1816.*

WELL done, *republicans* ! well done !  
All your constituents, as one,  
Pronounce you modern sages ;  
Not bound by æconomic rules,  
Which govern mercenary fools,  
In calculating wages.

*Before*, how paltry was your pay!  
What was six dollars for each day,  
Spent in gallanting ladies—  
Riding in coaches, drinking wine,  
Dressing, and going out to dine,  
As ev'ry member's trade is?

What was six dollars for a night?  
Ah! here's a question that rubs tight,  
And so we pass it over;  
No doubt you *gambled*, now and then,  
And liv'd like other Congressmen—  
That is, like pigs in clover.

What if the people groan'd and sweat,  
Beneath the load of public debt,  
To save your rights contracted?  
Must the physician have the less,  
The more his patient feels distress,  
And gen'rously has acted?

What if the *soldier's* scanty pay  
Was *less per month* than yours *per day*!!  
His recompence was *glory*;  
But as you've none of *that* to share,  
Would people have you live on air?  
A very pretty story!

What is equality?—pray tell—  
A theme which answers mighty well  
    To harp on at elections ;  
But when elected, very soon,  
You'll find those harpers change their tune,  
    Or play it with objections.

And what's economy? alas!  
A spurious bill, that will not pass,  
    Amongst our legislators ;  
But farmers know it to be true,  
And take it as for specie due,  
    For they were its creators.

How comfortably must you feel,  
After a full and hearty meal  
    Of public loaves and fishes ;  
But wait till the next Congress meet—  
Chance if they leave you much to eat,  
    Except to lick the dishes.

Yet, after all, 'tis not so bad—  
*One consolation* may be had—  
    Proclaim it, from the steeple,  
That you *resign*—and so fulfil  
What you were wont to do—the *will*,  
    And *wishes* of the *people*.

## THE PAPERS.

*Written in 1816.*

TO take the papers some refuse,  
Because they say there is no news  
Of blood, and fire, and thunder;  
But let your recollection range——  
Surely ne'er happen'd things more strange,  
Events more full of wonder!

The Hudson river, all suppose,  
Directly to the southward flows,  
But, waxing mighty cunning,  
Albanian wiseacres have found,  
The stream has turn'd completely round,  
And to the north is running!

With lifted hands and bristled hair,  
Do you, affrighted reader, stare  
At this odd revolution?  
Why, 'tis as reas'nable and true,  
As what those dunces prate to you  
About the constitution;—

Which tells you plainly to your face,  
That an '*election*' shall take place,  
Whenever a '*vacation*'  
Shall happen of the '*gov'nor's seat*,'  
By his '*removal*' or retreat,  
By '*death*' or '*resignation*.'



And yet they torture language so,  
As to make out that *ay* means *no*,  
And '*chosen*'—'*not elected* ;'  
But know, vain sophisters, that we,  
The '*sovereign people*,' all can see  
Your object—'tis *detected*.

High sal'ries, too, the people strike  
With consternation and dislike—  
Who echo back their curses ;  
And non-electionists now stand  
Leagued with those vultures hand in hand,  
That prey upon your purses,

To foreign regions cast your eyes—  
Does nothing there excite surprise,  
Where dreadful agitations  
Convulse degraded bleeding France,  
Who once led tyrants such a dance,  
The wonder of all nations ?

Portentous clouds o'er Europe low'r,  
And some predict the bloody show'r  
The Bourbon house will hit on ;  
While others, equally as wise,  
Foretell that vengeance from the skies,  
Will fall upon Great Britain.

Turning from European scenes,  
Witness the faithless Algerines,

All Christendom affrighting !

Lord Exmouth with his squadron strong,

Ends like Lord Byron's tragic song,

With more of *fog* than *fighting*,

Can you, with heart and passions cold,

The South Americans behold,

Seeking emancipation

From Spanish thralldom, and not feel

Your blood alternately congeal,

And burn with indignation,

At the '*legitimates*' of Spain?

Whose curs'd inquisitorial chain

Binds millions for the slaughter,

All for the love and cause of GOD,

Making the cross a scourging rod,

First soak'd in holy water.

Contracting your expanded views,

Again survey domestic news—

Important times are coming ;

The presidential choice draws near,

And distant fed'ral groans we hear,

Like partridges a drumming,

MONROE and TOMPKINS are the toast,

Our expectation and our boast,

Our confidence and glory,

On these your suffrages bestow—  
 And bring *high* sal'ry members *low*,  
*At least, another story.*

---

 EVILS.

IN the best government on earth,  
 Mixt evils may be found ;  
 Which owe their being and their birth  
 Not to our mother ground ;  
 But to those passions lodg'd in man,  
 That *envy*, *pride*, and *av'rice* fan.

*Envy*, the meanest of them all,  
 With red malignant eyes,  
 Rejoices at a brother's fall,  
 And laughs when mis'ry cries !  
 How strange, that such a fiend of hell,  
 Should ever in a mortal dwell !

*Pride*, too, disgusting, hateful imp,  
 From froth and vapor sprung ;  
 Ambition's slave—nay, pleasure's pimp—  
 Whose head, and heart, and tongue,  
 Weigh'd with a feather, scarce would show  
 Which way the balance ought to go.

*Av'rice*, with niggard, grasping hand,  
 Coils round the heart by stealth ;

Whose *soul* is either *cash* or *land*—  
• Whose *Deity* is *Wealth* ;  
To this he adoration pays,  
And this the heav'n for which he prays.

These, or when clashing, or combin'd,  
Their baleful influence lend,  
Becloud and brutalize the mind,  
Which knows no other end,  
Till anger, strife, and vengeance pour,  
A wild tornado—hear it roar !

Sweeping the virtues in its course,  
And spreading wide dismay,  
Despoiling reason of its force,  
And hurling peace away ;  
Senates and people feel the storm  
Of war internal—frightful form !

Hence, too, dark jealousies arise,  
Of deleterious pow'rs,  
Which fall in hailstorms, from the skies,  
And blast the fairest flow'rs—  
Domestic happiness destroy,  
And all the fruits of tranquil joy.

Thus urg'd, see parties firm engage,  
An ink bespatter'd field !  
And see the warlike papers rage,  
Determin'd not to yield—

*Office*, alas! too oft their aim—  
Unjust reward, too—what a shame!

Our government is free and good  
As e'er was form'd by man,  
The price of toils, of groans, of blood,  
And wisdom is its plan;  
Yet suffer reason thus t' infer—!  
'Tis *human*—and of course—*may err*.

---

## SPRING.

*Published in the Northern Budget—1808.*

HOW pleasing now to range the fields,  
When nature all her fragrance yields,  
And when she deigns to bring,  
Of vernal joys, the green-rob'd train,  
Who dance, enraptur'd, o'er the plain,  
Led by the charmer, *SPRING*.

The lambs their sprightly gambols play,  
The birds awake the matin lay,  
And mount upon the wing—  
Convene, and forming dulcet choirs,  
Sate their chaste, innocent desires,  
And hail the smiling *SPRING*.

Not the sweet voices of the *Vine*,  
Should *Orpheus* and *Apollo* join.

And each attune the string,  
Could half the music yield, for me,  
As, warbling from yon bush and tree,  
The melody of SPRING.

Though naked and forlorn the trees  
(Like sailors shipwreck'd on the seas)  
Late felt the Winter's sting,  
'Tis thine to clothe them, and to warm,  
To feed them—to repel the storm—  
So bountiful is SPRING.

Though modern bards, and those of yore,  
Have sung thy praises o'er and o'er,  
Again the Muse shall sing  
Of all thy virtues, and thy pow'r  
To charm the bud into a flow'r,  
Thou soul-enliv'ning SPRING.

Confin'd to cities' noisy sports,  
Whether in Congress, or in courts,  
'Tis but a joyless thing ;  
Midst the dull round of pleasures stale,  
The cit but seldom can inhale  
The balmy breath of SPRING.

While tumults craze the heads of state,  
The rich, voluptuous and the great,  
Or President, or king ;  
The peasant, in his homely fare,  
Devoid of titles, wealth or care,  
'Tastes all the sweets of SPRING.

But since the fairest flow'r must fade—  
 Must meet destruction all that's made,  
 When Death his dart shall fling,  
 Let us enjoy the passing hour,  
 Till we arrive where every flow'r  
 Blooms in eternal SPRING.

## SYMPATHY.

*Addressed to a friend, on reading his poetical effu-  
 sion, called "RESIGNATION."*

THY heav'n-taught strains that sweetly flow,  
 In resignation to thy woe,  
 With quiv'ring lips I read ;  
 While weeping Sympathy stood near,  
 And holy, holy was the tear  
 The list'ning angel shed.

Soft Sensibility awoke —  
 She saw the wound and felt the stroke  
 Affliction gave her son ;  
 But faint and trembling at the sight,  
 Could only veil her eyes of light,  
 And weep for what was done.

Oh! had I pow'r, the gift or skill,  
 But co-extensive with the will,  
 How gladly would I pour

The balm of consolation where  
The fiends of sorrow, grief and care,  
Could torture thee no more.

But, like thyself, pale mis'ry's child,  
I wander through a dismal wild,  
Unpitied—lost—forlorn !  
No gleam of hope illumines the way !  
A total dark eclipse of day,  
A night without a morn

Is still my lot—and God alone,  
Whose will in earth and heav'n be done,  
Can solve the doubt and show,  
Why man was born to ceaseless pain,  
And why the heart must bleed in vain,  
At sight of others' woe.

But, as from darkest clouds that rise,  
Heav'n's lightnings blaze athwart the skies,  
At midnight's awful gloom,  
Unveiling glories else unseen;  
So light divine breaks in between  
Our sorrows and the tomb.



## TO SUMMER.

*Written in Dog days.*

I'VE sung, and hope again to sing  
The joys of Autumn, Winter, Spring,  
Those multifarious seasons ;  
But never yet have trill'd a lay  
To thee, O SUMMER, in my day,  
For no substantial reasons.

Come then, neglected maid, draw near,  
And a sweet sonnet thou shalt hear,  
From one who loves thee dearly ;  
For he who feels, through all his frame,  
As if his flesh were in a flame,  
Must worship thee sincerely.

Come with thy sparkling blue cast eyes—  
Those gems that bless the cloudless skies,  
When sun and moon are sleeping,  
And pensive nature softly sheds  
Her pearly dew-drops o'er their beds,  
As if their exit weeping.

Come, at the morning's early dawn,  
When night her curtain has withdrawn,  
And day, with all his splendors,  
Walks forth in majesty and pride,  
While stars their beauteous faces hide,  
And earth her homage renders.

Come, at the sultry noontide heat,  
And lead me to a cool retreat,  
Where a delicious fountain  
Profusely issues from a rock,  
Rent by an earthquake's awful shock—  
The foot of yonder mountain.

There let me join the reaper's ring,  
And quaff the waters of the spring,  
Transmuted into *switchel*;  
A nectar which the gods might sip,  
Or pass the eulogizing lip,  
Of ~~whaling~~ Doctor Mitchell.

Come with thy table richly spread,  
For which no victim's life has bled,  
Thy green-corn and potatoes—  
Thy blushing cherries—melons sweet,  
That look impatient to be eat,  
And temptingly await us.

Come with thy roses, breathing round  
A fragrance not in nature found,  
Save in the breath of beauty;  
Whose tints no mortal cheek outvies,  
Save hers which borrows from the skies,  
The glow of christian duty.

Come with thy diadem of flowers,  
Queen of the warm prolific powers

That bring forth vegetation ;  
And let thy heavenly breezes blow,  
And sweep contagion from below,  
To dead annihilation.

'Tis true, thy bed-bugs, flies and fleas,  
'Musquitoes, wasps, and warlike bees,  
Tormentingly assail us—  
Bite, sting, and suck our vital gore,  
Until our smarting flesh is sore,  
And rest and patience fail us ;

But ev'ry evil has its good,  
And though we loose a little blood,  
Perhaps 'tis all the better ;  
Heaven writes on mis'ries as they fall,  
A saving lesson to us all,  
And man must read the letter.

But hark ! the hoarse loud thunder roars !  
From heaven the rushing rain-flood pours—  
The vivid lightning flashes !  
It dims my sight . . . . . I drop my pen,  
The frighten'd muses cry amen —  
As down the torrent dashes.

## AUTUMN.

LET other poets flap the plume,  
To soar and sing of "*Autumn's gloom*."

I see no mighty reason  
Why Autumn, if improv'd aright,  
Is not as ~~pregnant~~ with delight  
As any other season.

Spring, like a fair but fickle maid,  
Soon changes—soon begins to fade,  
Though always blithe and charming;  
And Winter, wayward, bluff, and wild,  
Though grey, is nothing but a child,  
With passions oft alarming.

Summer is quite enchanting, too,  
Has rosy cheeks—nectareous dew,  
But then the earth is toasting  
With such insufferable heat,  
As if mankind were made to eat,  
And only wanted roasting.

But Autumn comes, serenely gay,  
In dress more lady-like than May—  
More gaudy hues adorning;  
Belike a maiden ~~some~~ in years,  
Who very beautiful appears,  
Fresh painted every morning.

To yonder forest cast your eye,  
 With rain-bow tints her colors vie,  
 And full as transitory ;  
 For ev'ry breeze of heav'n that blows,  
 Down, down some trembling signal goes,  
 Of Autumn's fading glory.

Yet under Fall's auspicious reign,  
 Health, full-fed, bounds along the plain,  
 With plenty for the morrow ;  
 While gratitude and peace unite,  
 To fill the soul with pure delight,  
 And banish ev'ry sorrow.

*October, 1820.*

### THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

DO troubles overwhelm thy soul,  
 Like billows of the ocean,  
 That o'er the shipwreck'd victim roll,  
 In terrible commotion ;  
 Seize bold IMAGINATION's wing,  
 And soar to heav'n, so seeming,  
 Or reign a potentate and king—  
 'Tis all obtain'd by—*DREAMING.*

Do pain and poverty unite  
 To rob thee of all pleasure—

Like thieves—break in at dead of night,  
And steal away thy treasure,  
The treasure of a tranquil mind  
With joy and rapture teeming,  
Seek—seek, my friend, and thou shalt find  
More solid joy in—DREAMING.

For let the world still darker frown  
Than night-clouds on creation,  
And show'r its tenfold vengeance down,  
Its wrath and indignation,  
On this devoted head of mine,  
One star is still left gleaming,  
One light that will forever shine—  
The hope—the bliss of DREAMING.

The world can neither give nor take  
Away these mental riches;  
They're mine—and sleeping or awake,  
I love the little witches;  
They charm my senses to repose,  
While cares and want are screaming,  
My eyes and ears to mis'ry close,  
And give me peace in—DREAMING.

When'er I lay me down to rest,  
With toils and sorrows weary—  
A heart most feelingly distressed,  
And all on earth looks dreary;

Aerial pow'rs around me throng,  
 With light and glory beaming,  
 And waft my raptur'd soul along  
 The paradise of—DREAMING.

And oft as pensively I walk  
 In solitary places,  
 I hear celestial spirits talk,  
 And think I see their faces;  
 They bid me leave all earthly things,  
 While tears of grief are streaming—  
 I mount IMAGINATION's wings,  
 And find my heav'n in—DREAMING.

---

WOMAN.

WHEN Man had doom'd himself to woes—  
 Woes that forever had undone him,  
 And God in wrathful vengeance rose  
 To execute his sentence on him,  
 The burning ire of opening hell  
 Burst forth, and flames were kindling round him,  
 But angel's tears in torrents fell,  
 And quench'd those flames where justice bound  
 him.

For their own likeness, by his side,  
 In all the loveliness of beauty,  
 They saw——his new created bride,  
 Still chaste, though wander'd from her duty:

They saw that **MERCY**, too, was mov'd—  
 Prostrate in earnest intercession ;  
 Of all heaven's host the well belov'd,  
 Self-offer'd up for man's transgression.

And though man's woes and mis'ries, all,  
 Are charg'd on woman, who ador'd him ;  
 If *Woman* tempted man to fall,  
 'Twas *Woman's* promis'd seed restor'd him.  
 O **WOMAN** ! were it not for thee,  
 With all thy frailties still about thee,  
*This world the veriest hell would be,*  
*And heaven itself no heaven without thee.*

---

### FIRE.

**DECEITFUL** demagogues may prate  
 Their warm attachment to the state,  
 And *burn* with party ire ;  
 Give me, while such for office fight,  
 Domestic peace, a mansion tight,  
 Health, competence, and *Fire*.

Let belles and beaux, poor silly souls,  
 By guilty passion *scorch'd* to coals,  
 In *flames* of love expire ;  
 Give me of friends the cheering smile,  
 With ligneus stores, a monstrous pile,  
 The element of *Fire*.



When from the chilling toils of day,  
The lumb'ring sled, or pleasure sleigh,

We to our homes retire ;  
To warm our limbs, prepare our food,  
How welcome is a stick of wood,  
How charming is a *Fire* !

Men have ador'd thee, well they might,  
Great source of heat ! great source of light !

Whom nations all admire ;  
For, void of thee, would earth become  
Envelop'd in eternal gloom,  
Thou glorious orb of *Fire* !

No *Salamander* breed I boast,  
Nor do I wish myself to roast,

Nor is it my desire  
To live, like *Tantalus*, within  
A lake tartarian to my chin,  
Of brimstone and of *Fire*.

No — all my pray'r, avoiding this,  
(For present joys, nor future bliss

No Hindoo rites require)  
Is with that heavenly *flame* to glow,  
Which lights the good, when hence they go,  
To shun that dreadful pit below,  
That burns with *endless Fire*.

*Feb. 1, 1816.*

*From the Plough Boy.*

We are obliged to our friend RAY for the following elegant effusion. The New-Year's Address of *The Plough Boy* was from the same pen. We mention this fact now, because that poem, which was excellent of its kind, was attributed to another source by some of our readers.

—  
SPRING.*Written in May.*

LOOK through creation, and behold,

The wonders of Almighty pow'r;

ETERNAL WISDOM's works unfold,

In ev'ry leaf— in ev'ry flow'r:

There is a God, all good, all wise,

The very meanest insect cries.

Seasons revolving in their spheres,

A thousand rural beauties bring,

But loveliest of the group appears,

The green-dress'd beauty, charming Spring,

The music of whose morning voice,

Bids all the sons of earth rejoice.

Winter is death—when Nature mourns

To see her offspring lifeless lie;

Summer and Autumn weep by turns,

To see their children droop and die;

But Spring revives their hopes again,

And breathes new life through ev'ry vein.

How emblematic of that day,  
 The glorious resurrection morn,  
 When deck'd in brighter robes than  
 In robes that angel hosts adorn,  
 The soul redeem'd shall burst its tomb,  
 And in immortal glory bloom.

### EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

THE CARRIER OF THE FLOUGH BOY, TO HIS PATRONS.

YOUR faithful CARRIER of the News,  
 For publisher and printer,  
 Who cheerfully his route pursues  
 Through all the storms of Winter,  
 Salutes you with a hearty wish  
 That CASH may be more plenty,  
 And brings you a poetic dish  
 For EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

As viewless time, in swift career,  
 Still driving on his stages,  
 Has wheel'd along another year,  
 The youngest born of ages,  
 So let us freely speed the way  
 That brings us joy and plenty,  
 And join to hail the New-Year's day  
 Of EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

Thrice happy is the Plough Boy's lot  
 Above all other stations—  
 Lord ~~the~~ soil—a snug warm cot,  
 Well stor'd with wholesome rations,  
 He reigns sole monarch of his home,  
 With friends around him plenty,  
 And joins to hail the year, that's come,  
 Of EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

He scorns those plodding sprites of state—  
 Ambition, Honours, Riches,  
 That haunt and ride the would-be great,  
 Worse—worse than Salem witches ;—  
 But seated in his elbow chair,  
 With friends and *cider* plenty,  
 He plans the Show, and toasts the *Fair*.  
 Of EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

Through this and ev'ry future year,  
 May happiness attend you—  
 Kind PROVIDENCE no blasted ear,  
 No dearths or mildews send you—  
 But—seeds of peace and virtue sown,  
 Produce a crop of plenty,  
 And SICKNESS ne'er be heard to groan,  
 In EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

And as the times *press* sore and hard  
 On all concern'd in *Presses*—

Their off, and almost sole reward,  
Embarrassments, distresses—  
The lib'ral, friendly, and the just,  
Who have the *shiners* plenty,  
Will spare a little CHINK, I trust,  
For EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

---

## SPRING.

*Written in 1816,*

Lo! Winter's fierce embattled clouds,  
That rush'd in gloomy sable crowds,  
Before the driving blast,  
O'er the veil'd visage of the Sun,  
Who swiftly seem'd himself to run,  
And dread them as he pass'd,

Are gone—dissolv'd in melting snows;  
And the same rill that lisp'ing flows,  
Once sail'd in yonder sky—  
In vapors clad its fancy form,  
Till crush'd amidst the grinding storm,  
It rain'd down from on high.

Burst are the chains that lately bound,  
And lo! th' emancipated ground  
Her independence feels;

And smiling with intense delight,  
Like morning breaking from the night,  
Creative pow'r reveals.

The liberated rivers flow,  
And conscious forests laugh to know  
Their species are set free  
From tyrant Winter ;—and, again  
Bounds the white blood through ev'ry vein,  
Of ev'ry joyous tree.

Brisk robin redbreast first appears;  
Her presence banishes the fears,  
Which snow-birds might prolong;  
She wafts us, on her golden wing,  
The tidings in the breath of Spring,  
And hails it with a song.

The vegetable kingdoms own  
Allegiance to no other throne,  
Than where th' ALMIGHTY reigns ;  
To him their tender hands they raise,  
In silent, but expressive praise,  
O'er all the adoring plains.

Reanimated flies and worms,  
Of twice ten thousand diff'rent forms,  
From tombs of frost arise ;  
Throw off their grave-clothes, and appear,  
To witness, that the new born year,  
Is lent us from the skies.

And shall ungrateful man, for whom  
Earth teems with fruits, and Edens bloom,  
No thankful off'rings bring?  
Join, then, ye grov'ling slaves of pride,  
To dust, to worms, to *Heav'n* allied,  
And bless the GOD of SPRING.

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## THE PLOUGH BOY AND THE DANDY.

## A FABLE.

Some say there's nothing made in vain,  
While others the reverse maintain,  
And prove it very handy,  
By citing animals like these—  
Musquitoes, bed-bugs crickets, fleas,  
And, worse than all—a DANDY!

But Nature never made the last;  
In some factitious mould was cast,  
A thing which all outmatches;  
Or from a tailor's shop let loose,  
Hatch'd out ovip'rous from his goose,  
Among his *cabbage* patches.

One of these insects chanc'd to meet  
A robust Plough Boy in the street—  
( 'Twas very muddy weather, )

The Farmer dodg'd—the Dandy too—  
And both one way—what should they do,  
But run up smack together.

Down went the Dandy in the mud,  
For know that mortal flesh and blood  
Outweighs a s'inn rag baby;  
And 'tis in balancing a law,  
That bones are heavier much than straw—  
As easy prov'd as may be.

The Dandy, all besmear'd with dirt,  
Gloves, clean-wash'd vest and ruff'd shirt,  
Flew in a furious passion—  
Curs'd—swore—and picking up his cane,  
Essay'd to crack the Plough Boy's brain,  
In mighty genteel fashion.

The Farmer warded off the blows,  
And seizing Dandy by the nose,  
Gave it a dreadful twisting;  
Then flung him flat upon his back,  
In spite of many a fierce attack,  
And all his vain resisting—

Together tied, with skins of eels,  
The struggling biped's muddy heels,  
A dread to fops hereafter—  
Dragg'd him along—head downwards, took  
And hung him on a sign-post hook—  
A spectacle for laughter.



## POEMS.

We hope that Dandies, after this,  
May warning take—for hit or miss,  
They must pull down their banners—  
Must strike to homespun common sense,  
Must doff their peak of insolence,  
And practise better manners.

POKER & Co.

### THE HILL AND HOLLOW.\*

WHEN people seek a building scite,  
For business which they follow,  
Some choose a *Hill*—exactly right,  
And some prefer a *Hollow* ;  
And so it is, go where you will,  
Some like a *hollow*—some a *hill*.

The youthful poet first begins  
*Vallonia's streams* to swallow ;  
She leads him till he breaks his shins,  
O'er Satyrs, in the *hollow* ;  
He then attempts to climb the *hill*,  
Where the nine *Muses* have a *rill*.

\* In order to give these lines a more forcible application, it is necessary to inform the reader to be informed, if he is ignorant of it, that there is in the county of Wiltshire, two handsome villages, within a mile of each other, one called the "*HILL*," and the other the "*HOLLOW*."

But meets in the *Parnassian* road,  
Which bards of fame all follow,  
Huge rivals, who his verse explode,  
And kick him to the *hollow* ;  
Where he remains, to dip his bill  
In *puddles* which descend the *hill*.

The *politician*, just, and wise  
As *Minos* or *Apollo*,  
Essays the *hill of fame* to rise,  
But slides back to the *hollow* ;  
Because he strove to mount the *hill*,  
Repugnant to the people's will.

The Christian leaves his humble way,  
The paths of sin to follow,  
Soon as he finds himself astray,  
Will seek again the *hollow*—  
Will leave the bleak and boisterous *hill*,  
Of strife and passion, pride and will.

The youth who courts dishonest fame,  
Whatever he may follow,  
Will find his pathway end in shame—  
A swamp—a miry *hollow* ;  
Then let him flounce, howe'er he will,  
Hard will it be to gain the *hill*.

The brautecous maid, whose soul is love,  
With cautious steps should follow,

Where wily men of pleasure move,  
The fopling's heart is *hollow*;  
'Twere better your life-blood to spill,  
Than trundle, with a rake, down *hill*.

When in *prosperity*, our friends  
Will like a house-dog follow;  
But when *adversity* descends,  
And sweeps us to the *hollow*,  
Will any help you up the *hill*?  
Yes—*scorn* and *persecution* will.

Life is at best a thorny vale,  
Where hissing serpents wallow,  
Where beasts of prey our peace assail—  
A dreary pathless *hollow*!  
A ragged, *barren*, rocky *hill*,  
*Prolific*, though, of human ill.

Yet wheresoe'er our lot is cast,  
Let us our duty follow,  
'Twill waft us to a *hill* at last,  
Above an *awful hollow*,  
To drink of endless bliss, our fill,  
For *Heav'n* is call'd a *Holy Hill*.

## THE GRAND CANAL.

*Written in 1816.*

Th' ALMIGHTY ARCHITECT, above,  
In boundless wisdom—boundless love,  
Hath meted, with a span,  
A checker'd map of earth and seas,  
And said, "go thou inherit these,  
"Apostate creature man!"

"Thine are the waters, thine the land,  
"Subdue, control, direct, command,  
"And to thy use apply—  
"The lakes, the rivers, mountains, plains,  
"All the stupendous globe contains,  
"And all th' involving sky."

The loud OMNIPOTENT behest,  
In thunder came—in lightning dress'd,  
And man was taught to know  
Both good and evil—doom'd to toil,  
To scour the ocean, break the soil,  
Though lord of all below.

To agriculture, soon succeeds  
More bold and enterprising deeds,  
And commerce wing'd her stores;  
Nations were call'd to mutual marts,  
Fancy and want invented arts,  
And mines produc'd their ores.

If rivers have been turn'd aside,  
When potent man was seen to chide,  
And stem the torrent wave ;  
If ocean, formidable, wild,  
Now tam'd, and conquer'd by a child,  
Is man's obedient slave ;

If mountains have been made to bend,  
That pow'rful armies might ascend,  
And Babel's tow'rs to rise ;  
If lofty Pyramids are seen,  
To show what mortals once have been,  
And mock Egyptian skies ;

If human skill, and human might,  
Have brought mysterious worlds to light,  
And rein'd the shafts of heav'n—  
Explor'd the path where planets run,  
And clasp'd the circle of the sun,  
As to a Newton giv'n ;

What untried efforts yet remain,  
To break the intellectual chain  
That tow'ring genius binds ;  
To burst the shell of brooding thought,  
Whose unfledg'd ignorance is sought,  
And where the seeker finds ;

Let *Clinton's* mental pow'rs unfold ;  
Who first conceiv'd the project bold,

To bid the western floods  
Revolt from nature's long control,  
Freely through new-mark'd regions roll,  
And leave th' astonish'd woods.

Immortal be the statesman's name,  
Eternal be the patriot's fame,  
Who shall mature the plan!  
And draw those oceans from the west,  
To bathe th' Atlantic's heaving breast;  
A monument to man!

Bold is th' attempt, and wise the scheme;  
August the work, sublime the theme,  
May list'ning millions hear;  
And unborn ages share the prize,  
Long as the sun is known to rise,  
Or stars in heaven appear.

*From the Onondaga Gazette, 1816.*

A customer in *Spafford*, has entered a serious complaint to the Editor of this paper, and requested him to take *poetical*, (not *official*) notice of certain etiquette now in full vogue amongst the beaux of that town. As we wish to gratify our patrons by every means within our reach, and every effort in our power, we really hope the young gentlemen and ladies will pardon us for any seeming improprieties in the following discharge of our duty.

### THE COMPLAINT.

A CORRESPONDENT much complains,  
That recently our country swains .

Are growing so polite,  
They cannot let the sabbath pass,  
Without gallanting home a lass  
From meeting, *day or night*.

He says, in old Connecticut  
'Tis not the practice—therefore, but  
A scand'lous '*calculation* ;'  
~~For~~ *there* they let the ladies go  
*Alone* through rainstorms, mud or snow,  
To work their *own* salvation.

But pray, my friend, where is the harm,  
In taking hold a lady's arm,  
And walking home from meeting ?

Provided nothing ill they touch,  
 It certainly cannot be such  
 A crime as merits beating.

In old Connecticut, 'tis true, *of old Mass. too*  
 Where laws, as well as lights are blue—  
 The land of steady habits—  
 On pain of fines, no person may  
 Gallant the girls, a sabbath day,  
 Tho' round him thick as rabbits.

But here, the laws are not so bad,  
*Here*, ev'ry loving lass and lad  
 May bend or break the Sunday;  
 For many, strange as it may seem,  
 The day of no importance deem,  
 As different from Monday.

Yet, did they practise nothing worse,  
 And follow other things of course—,  
 Abominable sporting;  
 The crime, perhaps, were not so great  
 As Hartford treason 'gainst the state,  
 To do a little courting.

Against politeness is th' offence,  
 This is our customer's pretence,  
 And be it so awarded;  
*Politeness*, then, to thee I bow,  
 But cannot, for my life, see how  
 The forms are disregarded.



And if, in this enlighten'd land,  
 To *'lead a sister by the hand,'*  
 Be deem'd an act uncivil—  
 A deed unholy and unclean,  
 Few, 'tis much fear'd will 'scape between  
 The world, the flesh, and devil.

---

**FROM A MAN ON THE EARTH TO THE  
 MAN IN THE MOON.**

FROM childhood to age have I watch'd thee, my  
 friend,

Careering aloft through the skies;  
 Through night's beaming splendors have seen thee  
 descend,  
 To darkness—and seen thee arise.

Magnificent, bright, midst an army of stars,  
 To march through the heavens again,  
 Attended by meteors in ether-built cars,  
 A brilliant, immaculate train.

What regions of glory thine eye must explore,  
 Undim'd by the shadows of time;  
 What gulfs of thick darkness thy chariot bound o'er,  
 What heaven-daring Andes sublime,

Vouchsafe, mighty giant, to drop me a line,  
 By moon-beams that steal round my bed ;

Or tell them to whisper, in dreams half divine,  
The secrets that puzzle my head.

Dost thou, in thy wand'rings, the Pleiades meet,  
And rest on the neck of the bull;  
To catch solar splendours, where'er they retreat,  
Till Cynthia her horn gathers full?

Or dost thou Arcturus accost in thy way,  
And ask of Orion what news?  
Re-light up thy lamp at the candle of day,  
When all other candles refuse?

Art thou the sole monarch of that whirling ball,  
That wheels thee so dizzy along?  
Or what do the Moonites, in their lingo, call  
The hero and theme of my song?

Do people, if people there are in the moon,  
Walk upright, or go on all fours?  
And have they long tails, like the rakish baboon,  
And some politicians of ours?

Do ladies there dress in their plume-shaded crapes,  
So volatile, chirping and fair,  
Were 't not for their size, and their half human  
shapes,  
You'd take them for birds of the air?

And hast thou a creature no other world has,  
Except our terrestrial one here,

A species whose likeness before never was,  
And never again may appear—

In all thy wild rambles by day or by night,  
Aerial, by land or by sea,  
Hast thou ever seen such a terrible sight—  
Are there any DANDIES with thee?

### *The Little* VILLAGE GREATNESS.

In ev'ry country village, where  
Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,  
Contiguous to a steeple,  
Great gentlefolks are found, a score,  
Who can't associate, any more,  
With common 'country people.'

*Jack Fallow*, born amongst the woods,  
From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,  
Enough a while to dash on—  
Tells negro-stories—smokes segars—  
Talks politics—decides on wars—  
And lives in stylish fashion.

*Tim Ox-goad*, lately from the plough,  
A polish'd gentleman is now,  
And talks of 'country fellows';  
But ask the fop what books he's read—  
You'll find the brain-pan of his head,  
As empty as a bellows.

*Miss Faddle*, lately from the wheel,  
Begins quite lady-like to *seel*,  
And talks affectedly genteel,  
And sings some tasty songs, too ;  
But my veracity impeach,  
If she can tell what part of speech,  
Gentility belongs to.

Without one spark of wit refin'd,  
Without one beauty of the mind—  
Genius or education,  
Or family, or fame, to boast,  
To see such *gentry* rule the toast,  
Turns patience to vexation.

To clear such rubbish from the earth,  
Though real genius—mental worth,  
And science to attend you,  
You might as well the sty refine,  
Or cast your pearls before the swine,  
They'd only turn and rend you.

The following was written after a severe thunder storm, on a very sultry night in August, at the full of the moon, and when we had had a thick smoky atmosphere, in a very dry time.

The sun set in fire, and the moon rose in blood,  
The stars they look'd pale at the sight;  
And ne'er since the time of the world-drowning  
flood,  
Was felt a more comfortless night.

A black giant-cloud show'd his head in the west,  
And rearing his mountain-like form,  
Midst dread gleaming lightnings that flash'd from  
his breast,  
In thunder announc'd, that a storm

Was marching apace through the fields of the air,  
With all his artillery at hand;  
And soon we perceiv'd, by the lightning's red glare,  
It mov'd as his winds gave command.

The moon travell'd on, unappall'd at the scene,  
Like virtue intrepid and calm,  
Who knows that the sword of affliction is keen,  
And has for the wounded a balm.

To shun the dark conflict she ne'er turn'd aside.  
But faced it—and firmly pursued  
The path which her Maker has mark'd out so wide,  
With star-gems abundantly strew'd.

And now the whole firmament wrapp'd in a flame,  
 And rolling its thunders below,  
 Appear'd as if Nature, dissolving her frame,  
 Would sink us to fathomless wo !

But mark how kind Providence shapes his decrees—  
 The tempest quite harmless pass'd o'er—  
 The much-wanted rain fell in floods—and the breeze  
 Brought health where 'twas sickness before.

---

“ THE HIVE.”

Near the lake of *Skaneateles*, there is a Friends' Female Boarding School called “ *The Hive*”—conducted by Mrs. LYDIA P. MOTT, Mr. CALEB MEKEEL, and Miss SARAH M. UNDERHILL; to whom this tribute of respect is feelingly addressed.

AROUND thy shores, delightful lake,  
 What beauteous prospects lie !  
 And thy calm waves a mirror make,  
 Reflecting earth and sky.

Thy green-clad banks that gently slope,  
 And scarce forbid thy flow,  
 Seem heaving like the breast of Hope,  
 Wash'd by the floods of wo.

The rich luxuriant hills and plains,  
 And circumjacent groves,

A landscape form that woos and gains  
The graces and the loves.

But 'midst the bright enchanting scenes  
That cluster round thy shores,  
There's one—the field where beauty gleans  
Her scientific stores,

More lovely far than all the rest  
That on thy borders thrive—  
The little *humming honied* nest,  
So rightly named "*The Hive*."

Thither full many a mother's heart  
Is carried with her child;  
And there each profitable art,  
Instill'd with precepts mild,

Is gather'd from those tender flowers  
That in perfection bloom,  
Where genius buds—and heavenly showers  
Exhale a rich perfume.

That no rude hand may pluck the fruit  
Those charming *bees* may bring;  
No parent's heart detest the brute  
That wounds it with a *sting*.

Ye sentinels who watch the spot,  
The sacred treasures guard—  
Teach ev'ry youth to live a *Mott*,  
And heaven is your reward.

N

## FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

THE man who styles himself my friend,  
And quits me in disaster,  
Is worse than perfidy's fag-end,  
To thus betray his master ;  
'Than such a friend, th' Almighty knows,  
I'd rather have ten thousand foes.

What is he like ?—A fawning cat,  
Which purrs for your caresses,  
But leaves you when he smells a rat,  
In midst of deep distresses ;  
Nay lacerates with teeth and claws,  
The hand that pats him with applause.

What is he like ?—The glozing snake,  
That charms his feather'd gazer,  
Whose only object is to make  
A victim of his praiser ;  
Down drops the bird with feeble cries,  
An unresisting sacrifice.

What is he like ?—His own dark shade,  
Seen but in sunshine weather,  
Of vanity's reflections made,  
And something like a feather ;  
At ev'ry adverse breeze that blows,  
Round—round he flies—away he goes.



What is he like?—The crafty fox,  
Who claim'd to be defender  
Of unsuspecting chicken flocks,  
When lo, the base pretender,  
To make his declarations good,  
Whips off their heads and sucks their blood.

What is he like?—That grim old elf,  
Who flatter'd Mrs. Adam  
To damn her husband and herself,  
(A very pretty madam :)  
'Twas friendship's false beguiling arts,  
First gave the world such aching hearts.

And what is Woman's friendship like,  
That fairest of all creatures?  
Digust it never fails to strike,  
If treachery mark its features;  
'Tis like a spirit of disgrace—  
A demon with an angel face.

*Take not away that life you cannot give ;  
For all things have an equal right to live.*

DRYDEN.

### REMORSE,

*On killing a squirrel in a garret.*

RASH was the hand and foul the deed,  
That gave thee, thus to death a prey ;  
Oh ! I could weep to see thee bleed,  
And pant thy gasping life away.

What hadst thou done to merit death,  
But gather for a future day ?  
Just to prolong thy little breath ;  
And yet I took thy life away.

For thou no wealth or fame didst crave—  
No costly food, or clothing gay ;  
But only sought thy life to save,  
And yet I took thy life away.

Poor little thing ! how hard it strove  
To shun the blows, as hid it lay ;  
But all could not my pity move,  
I took its trembling life away.

Oh ! how inhospitably vile !  
It came, a stranger, here to stay,  
To eat and drink, and live awhile,  
But I have torn its life away.

Too late I now repent the blow,  
    'Tis stiff, alas ! and cold as clay !  
Its life to me it did not owe,  
    And yet I took its life away.

That Pow'r which gave all Nature law,  
    Whose summons we must all obey,  
Gave thee thy vital breath to draw,  
    And yet I took that breath away.

Whether thou hast a mate to moan,  
    Or offspring dear, ah ! who can say ?  
No harm to me thou e'er hadst done,  
    And yet I took thy life away.

What millions do mankind destroy,  
    Of their own race, for pow'r or pay !  
Some would have kept thee for a toy ;  
    But I have toy'd thy life away.

And if for this, remorse I feel,  
    If conscience sting, ah ! what must they  
Endure, who wide destruction deal,  
    And take the life of man away.

*Oct.* 1808.

## LAW.

Assist ye *Furies*, while I draw  
A just similitude of *Law*,  
I court no other *Muses* ;  
Your inspiration answers best,  
To sing the most confounded pest,  
A mortal ever *chuses*.

*Law* is like longitude, about,  
Never completely yet found out,  
Though practis'd notwithstanding ;  
'Tis like the fatalist's strange creed,  
Which justifies a wicked deed,  
While sternly reprimanding.

'Tis like a lott'ry, with a prize  
Less than the ticket cost, how wise  
And keen a speculation !  
Or like a blank, when all is lost,  
Time, reputation, debt and cost,  
Th' effects of litigation.

'Tis also like a game of chance,  
(Must pay the fiddler those who dance)  
The gainer is the loser ;  
'Tis something like a hornet's nest,  
Which foolish roguish boys molest,  
But stings a great deal closer.

'Tis like a net, constructed so  
As to allow great rogues to go,  
While petty ones it hampers;  
'Tis like the clutches of a bear,  
'Tis like the hounds that chase a hare;  
Which innocently scampers,

And finds his rescue in a grave,  
As many guiltless DEBTORS have,  
From ruthless persecution :—  
'Tis like your humble servant's song,  
Dull, dry, which you may think too long,  
And wish for a conclusion.

'Tis like a thousand other things,  
With tails, and claws, and teeth, and stings,  
T' annoy and overpow'r us,  
But of all forms it ever took,  
Laws SAL'RY most like Satan look,  
And threaten to devour us.

" When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
" They light a torch to show their shame the more."

### TOM EAGLE.

TOM EAGLE was a man of pelf,  
An artful speculator ;  
Who money priz'd, and lov'd himself,  
Much more than his Creator ;  
And shap'd his principles to suit  
His purse and passions——what a brute !

Says he, " although I fear not God,  
" Nor yet regard my neighbor,  
" No longer will I break the sod"—  
(For EAGLE hated labor)  
" No longer clear away the woods,  
" But cultivate my *taste* for *goods*."

To purchase them, away he goes,  
While many people said it,  
Although, perhaps, nobody knows,  
His capital was credit ;  
His credit like a toadstool grew  
From filth around it—which it drew.

Clownish, and ignorant, but keen  
To lie or tell a story,  
He hung, in politics, between  
A democrat and tory ;  
In every dish he had his spoon,  
And chang'd as often as the moon.

By dint of smuggling, knavish wiles ;  
 And dittos oft repeated—  
 Cringing and sycophantic smiles,  
 And treating those he cheated,  
 Pow'r and importance soon began  
 To raise from dirt the little man.

Among a harmless flock of geese,  
 The fox is often stealing ;  
 EAGLE was made a Justice Peace,  
 To gratify his feeling ;  
 Fed'ral, republican, or quid,  
 As times turn'd round, so EAGLE did.

And thus walk'd on through ev'ry grade  
 Of lucrative promotion ;  
 For offices are public trade,  
 And merit but a notion ;  
 While ev'ry pop'lar party tool,  
 Is one or both—a knave or fool.

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### PERPETUAL MOTION.

STRANGE things in Pennsylvania state,  
 Have happen'd (papers say) of late,  
 Amongst the rest a notion,  
 That nature has divulg'd her laws,  
 And giv'n the principles and cause  
 Of a *Perpetual Motion*.

Behold the great men gravely met,  
 A learn'd and philosophic set  
 As ever came together,  
 T' inspect old *Redheffer's* machine,  
 And find the difference between  
 A hair-spring and a feather!

Wond'ring what Redheffer is at,  
 While long assembled, hear them chat,  
 And hum like bees a hiving;  
 When lo, the crafty knave appears—  
 A proposition stuns their ears!  
 'Twas what he'd been contriving:—

*"Choose a committee from among"*——  
 The words were scarcely from his tongue,  
 When each one, wildly staring,  
 Show'd frightful symptoms of chagrin——  
 Curs'd the vile rogue and his machine,  
 And travell'd homeward, swearing

'Twas all imposture, all a cheat—  
 That *motion* yet retain'd her seat  
 In Nature's dark recesses;  
 And had not come, as some suppose,  
 Her secret myst'ries to disclose,  
 Through Philadelphia presses.



But let not Redheffer despair,  
A thousand people *yet* there are,  
Who really believe that  
Perpetual motion is found out——  
Devoid of scruple or a doubt,  
And cannot well conceive that

The man should be so great a fool,  
As thus to introduce a tool,  
With vast expense and labor,  
Only to make his credit worse—  
For nothing but to *fill his purse*,  
And wrong his honest neighbor.

*Credulity*, how great thy pow'r!  
Even in this enlighten'd hour,  
Thy influence is unbounded!  
*Error* successfully may preach,  
For *Truth* has lost the use of speech,  
And *Reason* is confounded.

---

A NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,

*For January, 1819.*

TIME with his scythe has mow'd away  
The human race from day to day,  
Crop after crop, year after year,  
Yet Earth's inhabitants appear

As thoughtless of their destiny—  
Of death, and of eternity,  
Which soul and body soon must sever,  
As if they were to live forever,  
Of all they ought to love and cherish,  
As stupid as the beasts that perish ;  
And so they will be, while they can,  
Whilst life is lent—While man is man.

And since we cannot alter things,  
As *Time* no reformation brings ;  
Since vice and virtue, wrong and right,  
Are interstreak'd, like black and white—  
Compose the threads of life and tissue,  
Where none can plead the general issue ;  
Since ev'ry man must have his share  
Of good and evil—joy and care ;  
Since unmix'd happiness, we know,  
Was never found by man *below*,  
'Tis wisdom for us to submit,  
For all must miss what none can hit,  
And let the world go as it will,  
Say to our passions—" *Peace, be still.*"

How many days, and months, and years,  
Spent in alternate rest and fears,  
Have pass'd—are gone—and strangely seem  
A dark, prophetic, *real* dream,  
That leaves impressions strong and deep,  
Whenever we awake from sleep ;

We shall not linger to recount,  
Or figure up their full amount,  
But hasten briefly to pourtray  
The leading topics of the day,  
Wishing to all who read or hear,  
That this may be a happy year.

Tyrants legitimate may chafe,  
Our liberties, thank *Heav'n*, are safe,  
And guarded well the nation now is;  
By vet'rans brave, and naval prowess,  
But stronger still is her defence,  
In virtue and intelligence,  
Which all our happy land pervade,  
Reach ev'ry rank and ev'ry grade.

The allied Sovereigns have adjourn'd,  
And to their restless thrones return'd;  
Whose troops have had a merry dance,  
The fiddler to be paid by France,  
But whether *Donaparte*, now sick,  
(Some think it nothing but a trick,)  
Is to be left at St. Helena,  
Doom'd to the mines in Carthagera,  
Or brought to England for a show,  
They have not sent to let us know;  
One truth is ascertain'd about him,  
We, democrats, *can* do without him.

Affairs unsettled still remain  
With *pious* Ferdinand of Spain ;  
But why, no other reason known is,  
Than that the chevalier Don *Onis*,  
And *Quincy Adams* could not see  
Why they should differ—why agree ;  
Though Mr. Secretary John  
Gets much the better of the *Don*.

Some thought that *Jackson* acted drolly.  
In rashly taking Pensacola ;  
But our good President *Monroe*,  
The measure has approv'd, you know,  
And as we nothing had to gain,  
Has giv'n it back to whimp'ring Spain.

The Southern Patriots' cause sublime.  
We wish to sing, but have not time ;  
Successful may their efforts be,  
For equal rights and liberty.

Of news domestic, small our share ;  
We give you all we have to spare—  
Deaths, Marriages, and something farther,  
With now and then a "*Horrid Murder*."  
Fires, shipwrecks, storms, a "*dreadful gale*,"  
Sea-Serpents, and "*The Real Whale*,"  
With thefts and robb'ries, more or less,  
Are all the tidings we possess.

Now, as the year anew begins,  
And while you sit and warm your shins,  
Around your blazing chimney places,  
Joy painted in your glowing faces,  
Joy that kind PROVIDENCE attends you,  
Health, and a copious harvest sends you ;  
Now as you seize the morning news,  
Wet like the leaves with summer dews,  
Or as you light your evening tapers,  
And haste to read the fresh damp papers,  
Amidst the cold and storms of winter,  
Think on the *Newsboy*, and the *Printer*,  
And never leave them cause to say—  
“ *We suffer for the want of—PAY ;*”  
At least—while true in your employ,  
Present a trifle to the BOY.

---

*From the New-York Statesman.*

[The following beautiful lines are from the pen of WILLIAM RAY, Esq. of Onondaga, whose poetical effusions have often delighted the public, and whose genius and taste ought to have secured to him the smiles, instead of the sternest frowns, of fortune.— Few men, or in more emphatic terms, few poets, not even excepting Chatterton and Burns, have witnessed darker scenes of misfortune than Mr. Ray; and his cup of bitterness, although drained to the dregs, seems not yet exhausted. It was not enough, that he endured the horrors of slavery in a

foreign land ; but in the bosom of his own country, he has met with oppressors, whose tender mercies are scarcely less cruel, than those which he found on the shores of the Mediterranean. During the reign of proscription, Mr. Ray has, with many other good citizens, been deprived of his office, which was the only means of supporting a helpless family, and turned adrift upon the world. We have understood he contemplates publishing a small volume of poems ; and if he shall conclude to hazard such a publication, inauspicious as the times are for an undertaking of this sort, we sincerely hope that many considerations will ensure to him a liberal subscription.]

#### RETURN OF SPRING AND APPROACH OF MAY.

THE signals of summer appear,  
The fields and the forests are green,  
That cherub, the *spring* of the year,  
*May* now in fresh beauty be seen.

The fair branching fruit trees aspire,  
To rival each other in charms,  
And dress in their gayest attire,  
To win the sweet birds to their arms.

The birds as if conscious of this,  
Impartially visit them all,  
Salute every bough with a kiss,  
And honor each spray with a call.

Like Orpheus their music can move  
E'en groves, in a dance from the ground ;  
For rocks are made vocal to love,  
Convey'd in the magic of sound.

How fragrant the breath of the skies,  
How mellow the lustre of day,  
That breaks from the morning's blue eyes,  
And glows in the blushes of May.

And evening so calmly serene,  
Like age in a holy decline,  
Seems longing and ling'ring between  
Two regions, with fervor divine.

The lamb, like a juvenile fair,  
So innocent, thoughtless, and gay,  
Skips forth to inhale the fresh air,  
And kiss the young blossoms of May ;

And oft like the maid is assail'd,  
And ruin'd by foes in disguise ;  
For virtue has seldom prevail'd,  
Assaulted by treach'ry and lies.

The husbandman, seizing his plough,  
Walks round in the pride of his might,  
The drops of his masculine brow,  
Fall freely as dews of the night.

His home is the center of rest,  
His heart is the birth-place of joy,  
All creatures around him are blest,  
And praise is their sweetest employ.

Each insect, each worm, and each flow'r,  
A God of all goodness adore,  
Acknowledge his life-giving pow'r,  
And feed on his bountiful store.

The works of creation unite,  
To lead up man's soul to the skies,  
And seasons of rural delight  
Give wings for his spirit to rise.

---

### THE CARRIER OF THE PLOUGH BOY TO HIS PATRONS.

SONS of labor now at ease,  
Whom the News-Boy toils to please,  
Here he comes with cap in hand,  
Always ready at command,  
To regale you with the news,  
And effusions of the muse,  
Glad to see you thus appear,  
Like the dawning of the year,  
Fresh and glowing, bright and gay,  
On this happy New-Year's Day.



May that happiness remain,  
Long as time and nature reign,  
And when both have pass'd away,  
Like this busy fleeting day,  
Happier still your portion be,  
Through a long eternity.

All the toils of summer o'er,  
Peace and plenty round his door,  
Who on earth so blest and free  
As the Farmer?—Like the bee,  
All the sweets of life are his—  
Large and full his cup of bliss—  
Who can envy thrones to kings,  
When the PLOUGH such treasure brings.

See his works with profit crown'd—  
Barns with hay-stacks huddled round,  
Like a family, whom fear  
Draws within a circle near;  
Stately steeds and cattle neat,  
Cribs of corn and mows of wheat—  
Thickly peopled is his fold—  
Harmless sheep and lambs behold,  
Like the christian, 'midst the din  
Of a noisy world of sin—  
Fowls ovipercous cackling round,  
Pois'd with one foot on the ground,  
Meet their master as he comes,  
Cluck their wants and shake their plumes.

When at midnight all is still,  
Hear his geese with voices shrill,  
At the silliest thought of harm,  
Raise the tocsin of alarm;  
While from all the barn-yards round,  
Echoes back the screaming sound.

See the lofty turkey-cock,  
Monarch of the feather'd flock,  
Like a haughty potentate,  
Strutting round the yard of state,  
Fill'd with anger fierce and dread,  
At the sight of daring red,  
Swell'd and gobbling as he goes,  
Dire destruction on his foes;  
But, like other tyrants, he  
Soon will lose his head you'll see.

Ere the morn unlocks her doors,  
Whence a stream of day-light pours,  
Ere the bacchanalian goes  
From his cups to seek repose,  
Hear the game-cock's clarion peal,  
Breaking sleep's mysterious seal,  
Like a summons from the skies,  
Calling mortals to arise;  
While each faithful sentinel  
Answers loud that "all is well."  
Industry obeys the call,  
Rises, hastens to the stall,

And replenishes with food  
All his stock, and all his brood,  
Who around him gladly fly  
To a bountiful supply.  
Back the husbandman returns,  
Where his fire now briskly burns,  
Where the partner of his joys—  
Rosy girls, and healthful boys,  
Kneeling with him round the chairs,  
Send to heaven their matin prayers:—  
Thus the year with him begins,  
Thus the race to heaven he wins.

Roast the spare-rib, spread the board,  
Well can you the feast afford:  
Call your neighb'ring plough boys in,  
Wives and daughters, all akin;  
Seated round the parlor stove,  
Warmer than the heart of love,  
Let the cider freely flow,  
Till your cheeks begin to glow;  
Eat and drink, and drink and smoke,  
Tell the story, crack the joke,  
Keeping temp'rance still in view,  
Never dream of getting blue,  
For remember Adam fell,  
As the sacred canons tell,  
By that fruit whence cider pours,  
Seeds of hell were in its cores;

Caution therefore always use,  
Lest your paradise you lose.  
Ev'ry winter scenes like these,  
Ev'ry New-Year's farmer sees.

Sons of Ceres!—soon this day,  
Like myself will pass away,  
Soon our sands will cease to run,  
Life must have its setting sun,  
Death will come and no one spare,  
Land us all the Lord knows where :  
But with Virtue for our guide,  
And Religion by our side,  
Lighted by devotion's flame,  
Pure as when from heaven she came,  
Piety has nought to dread,  
From the precincts of the dead;  
For the close of all things here,  
Brings an ever-blissful year,  
Glory's never-setting sun—

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-ONE.

Jan. 1, 1821.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE N. Y. STATESMAN;

*January 1, 1821.*

DAYS, and hours, and moments fly,  
Swift as lightning through the sky ;  
And, like arrows, often wound  
Those who see not whence they came,  
Bring their high hopes to the ground,  
With a sure and fatal aim ;  
Where they flutter, die, and fade,  
In the tomb of darkness laid.

But, in quick succession, rise  
Other suns to light the skies,  
And to mark the speed of TIME ;  
While creation droops or cheers ;  
Glad as morning in her prime,  
Breaking from a night of tears,  
Chasing sadness far away,  
Let us hail the NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Sons of plenty, while I bring  
Water from Pierius' spring,  
As you slake your thirst awhile,  
Let me briefly here recount  
What, perchance, may raise a smile,  
Figure up the whole amount,  
What the year now past has done,  
What expect from—'TWENTY-ONE.  
P

In the catalogue of names,  
ENGLAND first attention claims ;  
There behold the modest Queen  
At the bar of trial stand !  
Was such mock'ry ever seen ?  
Such a filthy cause in hand ;  
Judge and culprit on a throne,  
Party, witness, all in one.

Innocent, or guilty found,  
'True or not, a mortal wound  
Royal George is doom'd to feel—  
Sad confusion and dismay,  
Should his confidants reveal  
His dark crimes to open day ;  
Revolution's awful flood  
Threats to drench his realm in blood.

Turn'd from this disgusting sight,  
Next, O Muse, on RUSSIA light,  
Alexander's vast domain—  
Troops, like dens of lions fierce,  
Grind their teeth on FRANCE and SPAIN—  
Terror of the universe :  
But the Holy League, they trust,  
Will protect the good and just.

Various European powers  
Seek for liberty like ours,

But their hideous mass of things  
Is not form'd of equal rights ;  
Folly still retains her kings,  
Bigot still for bigot fights ;  
South America, we fear,  
Buys her gold, too, *very dear*.

But, from 'Transatlantic shores,  
Back the muse historic soars,  
And alights, with weary wing,  
On our national affairs,  
Short the song she has to sing,  
Hoarse and plaintive in its airs ;  
For the sound of Slav'ry's groans,  
Jars and mingles in its tones.

Land of *freedom*—land of *slaves* !  
State of *patriots*—state of *knaves*—  
Sticklers for that traffic base,  
Which degrades the human soul—  
Which enchains a kindred race,  
Till their tears in blood-drops roll ;  
Who can hear *Missouri* nam'd,  
And not feel his blood inflam'd.

But, while CLINTON holds the reins,  
Free and safe *our* state remains—  
Undismay'd by foes within,  
Or "*extraneous influence*"—

Notwithstanding all the din  
 Of consummate impudence ;  
 Though a set of wits assails,  
 Famous for their monstrous *tales*.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY !—we  
 Never more thy face shall see ;  
 But thy works of deathless fame,  
 Long as floods through channels flow,  
 Wide shall waft a CLINTON'S name ;  
 Through the universe below ;  
 For in this eventful year,  
 Fleets on his CANAL appear !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TWENTY ONE !  
 Much in thee too will be done—  
 Acted many a bloody scene—  
 Many a martyr lose his head ;  
 For proscription's guillotine  
 Numbers thousands with the dead ;  
 Let them cut and slash away,  
 “ *Ev'ry dog must have his day.*”

God, forever good and kind,  
 Still the same we hope to find—  
 Yielding plenty, joy and peace ;  
 And though clouds obscure the morn,  
 He can bid the tempest cease,  
 Ere the noon-day beam is born ;



Ere the year half through has run,  
Give our hopes a brighter sun.

Party feuds, and public strife,  
Which embitter private life,  
Let calm Reason shame away—  
Unanimity succeed—

Harmless beasts and beasts of prey,  
Lamb and wolf together feed :  
All in peace and friendship dwell—  
Such my pray'r is——FARE YOU WELL.

---

A NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,

*For January 1, 1821.*

HEAR the winds of winter blow,  
See a winding sheet of snow  
O'er the face of Nature spread,  
What an emblem of the dead !  
But as SOLOMON the wise,  
Whose sound precepts all men prize,  
Hath announc'd, though not in rhyme,  
That for myrth there is a time,  
Let us, for a moment, take  
Wisdom's licence—merry make,  
And in reason, though half froze,  
Drink oblivion to our woes.

Eighteen hundred twenty-one;  
Glad we hail thy rising sun,  
And before his glories set,  
Hope to be more happy yet;  
For th' invited guests shall bring,  
To adorn the social ring,  
Smiling beauty, flush'd with joy,  
Chaste, unmingled with alloy—  
Sturdy health, with stomach keen,  
Well inform'd what dinners mean.

Fill your pitchers to the brim,  
Let your guests in *Cider* swim,  
If they choose it, and would wish  
Thus to wash down dish on dish;  
Or some pure *Madeira* take,  
Merely for the stomach's sake;  
But for *Brandy, Rum, or Gin*,  
Shun them as the gates of sin;  
Pain and mis'ry, strife and woe,  
From thence inevitably flow.

Now gay evening's chat comes on;  
Party politics—begone!  
And, at least for one short day,  
Send all bickering imps away;  
Rural sports, and festive joy,  
Be our innocent employ.

Thus while round the hearth or stove  
Doubly warm'd by fire and love,  
While the luscious banquet flows,  
Till the midnight watch-cock crows,  
Think how wretched millions are,  
While such blessings freemen share ;  
Think of England's royal knaves,  
Vassal Lords, and subject slaves,  
Whose old gouty King and Queen,  
Act a most disgraceful scene ;  
Think of Europe's wide domain,  
Bound in one eternal chain,  
In a "*holy league*" combin'd,  
To enslave and drag mankind,  
At the chariot wheels of pow'r,  
For destruction to devour !  
Think—and bless the Lord who saves  
Us from being kings or slaves.

Sons of freedom, plenty, peace !  
Till the years of time shall cease,  
May your happiness remain—  
Union, concord, ever reign !  
May the News-Boy always find  
Brisk employ, and Patrons kind—  
Long as snows of Heav'n shall drift,  
Find a joyful *New Year's Gift*.

## NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

From the Carrier of the Gazette & Onondaga Advertiser, to his Patrons,

*January 1, 1821.*

OLD Time, with his hand, has conducted along,  
His chaste little daughter in white;  
Exhorting us all to attend to her song—  
She sings with enchanting delight.

She says she has come from the regions on high,  
Where planets whirl round like a top;  
And that her old father most surely must die,  
Whenever their motions they stop.

*One thousand eight-hundred and twenty and one,*  
Her stylish long name is below;  
Her grand-mother Moon, and her grand-father Sun,  
Her *high* birth and family show.

Joy, plenty, and peace, she delights to behold,  
Her visit shall last till our sphere  
Has sail'd round the sun, thro' his oceans of gold—  
The full-ending term of a year.

In rural festivities let us unite,  
And banish all sorrow away,  
Lay hold of good dinners, with all our whole might,  
And joyfully wind up the day.

Discordant political sentiments waive,  
Which social hilarity chill,  
And if a *Convention* the *People* must have,  
Submission, I say, to their will.

Let England's chaste queen, or her boozy old king,  
Of conjugal vows make a breach ;  
Legitimate royalty, what a fine thing  
To follow, to practise, or preach.

Yes, let them alone, it is nothing to us,  
How virtuous or vicious are those ;  
The question alone which we now shall discuss,  
Is, when shall our merriment close.

Come fill up the pitcher with cider again,  
And give us another good song ;  
All sorrow and sighing are fruitless and vain,  
For Providence never does wrong.

Success to the plough, to the loom, to the spade,  
To industry, labor and toil,  
And may our elections be speedily made  
T' embrace ev'ry man of the soil.

And while the poor News-Boy, and Post-rider too,  
Continue their faithful employ,  
With just expectations they look up to you,  
And wish you all possible joy.

May smiling Prosperity always attend  
Our Patrons, with hearty good cheer,  
And ne'er may they grudge a small boon to a friend,  
To yield him A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

---

PETITION TO THE CONVENTION IN BE-  
HALF OF THE LADIES.

*By their friend and counsellor.*

A HUMBLE bard who ne'er before,  
Address'd a speaker on the floor  
Of capitol—would mention,  
Without a quibble or a quirk,  
What ladies beg may be one work  
Of your wise state convention.

That ev'ry one must have a vote,  
Who does not wear a petticoat,  
Is generally admitted;  
But why should women be denied,  
And have their tongues completely tied,  
For party broils well fitted.

The question is of great account,  
Which no convention can surmount,  
Without dissatisfaction  
Amongst the ladies—so I fear,  
And therefore as their friend appear,  
And counsel in this action.

That women have a right to live,  
Ten thousand reasons I could give,  
    But this was never doubted ;  
And he who would their freedom baulk,  
And say they have no right to talk,  
    Would from the world be scouted.

The Turks, I know, who hold no polls,  
Believe that women have no souls ;  
    But, when they wear the breeches,  
As oft they do in states like ours,  
Which give them supernatural powers,  
    And hang them up for witches.—

To say that women must be driven  
From ev'ry other place but heav'n,  
    Is certainly alarming ;  
And he who would the like maintain,  
Ought to be treated with disdain,  
    In company so charming.

Man is half-woman, at the least,  
Excepting now and then a beast,  
    Who forfeits all pretensions  
To decency and common sense,  
By many a foul and black offence ;  
    And yet, some state conventions

Have in their wisdom, found it meet  
To let such wretches step their feet,  
Polluted with infection,  
Into the sacred fane where lies  
The ark of all our liberties—  
The birthright of election ;

While women, pure as Eden's queen,  
Before that world-distressing scene,  
In myst'ry darkly hidden,  
Must stand aloof—remaining dumb,  
And never to elections come—  
By haughty man forbidden.

But you, immortal statesmen, you,  
Keeping the lovely sex in view  
At your august convention,  
Will frame the constitution so  
That ladies can't election go,  
Without the least detention ;

For, should you otherwise decree,  
The direful consequence may be  
Diminish'd population ;  
And this I'm authoris'd to say,  
If women's rights are flung away,  
Is their determination.



## ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES CHAUNCEY MANN.

WE saw him on the bed of death,  
His wailing friends stood near,  
A groan was born at every breath—  
From every eye a tear.

Damp chills convulsive pangs succeed,  
Till nature yields the strife,  
From eyes that weep, and hearts that bleed,  
Death tears away his life.

He's gone from sickness, pain and wo,  
Where EVERLASTING LOVE  
Gives, for a wretched world below,  
A world of bliss above.

Thus falls before thee, ruthless "king  
Of terrors," old and young;  
The fairest blossoms of the spring,  
On tend'rest stems are hung.

Snapp'd by the vernal breeze they fall,  
They wither, fade, and die;  
The breath of heav'n, the life of all,  
Is life's expiring sigh.

A brother of less number'd years,  
A brother sees expire,  
His sisters all suffus'd in tears  
Put on the black attire.

Q

But who shall bind the broken heart,  
 Or soothe his parent's grief?  
 With children oh, how hard to part!  
 How hard to find relief.

Philosophy in vain may seek  
 An antidote or cure;  
 'Tis GOD alone can comfort speak,  
 Or know what they endure.

To Him whene'er the mourner flies  
 With penitence and pray'r,  
 He wipes the tear-drops from his eyes,  
 And lights up rapture there.

March 16, 1821.

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[The two elegiac poems which follow, were by a mistake in not looking on both sides of a printed leaf pasted at one end in a book of copy, nearly half omitted in another part of this work—pages 59 and 74. They are, therefore, to remedy the mistake, printed over again and entire, as below.]

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*To the Memory of Brigadier General ZEBULON  
 MONTGOMERY PIKE, who fell at the capture of  
 Little York, U. C. April 27, 1813.*

IF ever angels, from the blissful skies,  
 Look down on mortals, with benignant eyes,

'Tis when the brave repose in heav'n their trust,  
Whose cause is righteous, and whose views are  
just—

'Tis on the hero, who, when duty calls,  
O'er death triumphant; nobly fights and falls ;  
If ever grief intrudes on heav'nly bliss,  
'Tis when such scenes occur—a sight like this ;  
A scene which caus'd our sorrowing hearts to swell,  
When *Pike*, so recently, in battle fell !

Lov'd by all ranks; rever'd wherever known,  
His name a terror to his *foes* alone :  
In whom the virtues all were seen to blend,  
In war an enemy, in peace a friend ;  
Offspring of honor, valor's fav'rite child,  
Calm, but determin'd—spirited, but mild ;  
Stern, though not haughty ; affable, though grave ;  
Politely resolute, humanely brave ;  
In discipline not cruelly severe ;  
His soldiers lov'd him with a filial fear ;  
Prompt to their needs of what to each belongs,  
Just to their rights—attentive to their wrongs ;  
He knew the spirit of the man to save—  
'To lead the *soldier*, not to *drite* the *slave* ;  
T' infuse that valor, which himself possess'd,  
Through all his ranks—in ev'ry private's breast.

In early youth his country's arms he bore,  
When the drear western wilds he travers'd o'er ;

In early youth he caught the patriot's flame,  
And planted laurels in the field of fame;  
The growth luxuriant, subsequently spread,  
And twin'd, as if by instinct, round his head;  
Though now in death the warrior's corse lies low,  
On his moist grave perpetual wreaths shall grow;  
Year after year reflowerish, and be seen  
To wear a livelier hue—a brighter green.

When his blest spirit sought those realms on high,  
Where rest the brave who for their country die,  
Those kindred martyrs who had gone before,  
All join'd to hail him to that joyous shore,  
Where heav'nly harps eternal anthems strike,  
Now mingling in their songs the name of *Pike*.

But to his *consort*, who shall yield relief!!  
Could strains elegiac but retrench thy grief,  
How would the bard his labor'd notes prolong,  
Nay, drink thy sorrows to inspire his song;  
But e'en this well-meant tribute to his worth,  
Which friendship dictates, and which truth calls  
forth,

Perhaps its object shall defeat, and throw  
A gloomier aspect on the face of woe!  
Steep in fresh tears the mourner's sable weeds,  
And tear the bandage from the heart that bleeds!  
Though oft as probing gives the wound relief,  
So may the sound that wakens, lull thy grief.

And thou, fair orphan! may the *Pow'r* above,  
 Compensate, with his own, a father's love—  
 An angel be thy guardian here below,  
 And heav'n thy refuge from a world of wo.

And you, his brave companions in the fight,  
 Whose souls now walk in everlasting light,  
 Long may your widows, friends, and orphans share  
 Their nation's bounty, and their country's care.

Shade of *Montgomery*! didst thou see him fall,  
 Whose heart, like thine, no dangers could appal?  
 His name was thine—and with thy deathless name,  
 He shar'd thy fate, thy spirit and thy fame;  
 Like thine, posterity his deeds shall own,  
 And learn his merits from the speaking stone;  
 Till man and nature meet their gen'ral doom,  
 In one vast ruin—one eternal tomb.

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### ELEGY

*On the Death of JOHN HILLIARD, who died Jan. 3d,  
 1804, in the prison of Tripoli.*

HILLIARD, of painful life bereft,  
 Is now a slave no more;  
 But here no relative has left,  
 His exit to deplore!

No parent, no fond brother, stands  
 Around his clay-cold bed;

No wife, with tender, trembling hands,  
Supports his dying head.

No sister follows or attends  
His melancholy bier ;  
Nor from a lover's eye descends  
The soft distilling tear ;—

But foes, and of a barb'rous kind,  
Surround him as he dies ;  
A horror to his fainting mind,  
And to his closing eyes.

What though no monumental stone  
Bespeaks a guilty name,  
By splendid trophies basely won,  
Damn'd to eternal fame ;

If but an honest heart he bore,  
If virtue's paths he trod,  
He was, so poets sung of yore,  
" The noblest work of God."

His fellow-pris'ners strove to cheer  
His sad departing soul,  
And bade the sympathetic tear,  
In free profusion roll.

Mourn not—'twas Heav'n's all-wise behest,  
And merciful decree,  
That gave his wearying sorrows rest,  
And set the captive free.

## EXORDIUM

WHAT has been always customary,  
Legal becomes, and necessary ;  
And 'mongst ten thousand stranger things,  
When wonder from a volume rings,  
Is that anxiety we show,  
The writer of the book to know ;  
Whether he ignorant or wise is—  
A *knave*, or *fool* with *virtuous* vices ;  
And hence the practice is to shew 'im  
In biographic sketch, or proem ;  
Here follows, then, or Truth's a liar,  
Some pat remarks, if you desire,  
And leisure have to halt and read 'em,  
If not, skip o'er, and never heed 'em.

That he was *born*, you well may know,  
For any fool could tell you *so* ;  
Of whom, perhaps, you wish to hear,  
The day, the month, the hour, the year ;  
All these we very well remember ;  
'Twas on the ninth day of December,  
In seventeen hundred seventy-one,  
Before the rising of the sun,

And just, if you'll believe the story;  
 As chaste, and blushing, fair Aurora  
 Burst the clasp'd arms of negro Night,  
 A Ray from darkness peep'd to light.

His father, wise as most of men,  
 Found out that five and five made ten;  
 (But still he taught his docile son  
 That one were three, and three were one)  
 And prov'd of philosophic lore,  
 The more we know, we know the more;  
 That pain would pain, and pleasure please him—  
 That fire would burn, and frost would freeze him;  
 And though he could not name the causes  
 Of planets' motions, and their pauses,  
 He judg'd that *black* could not be *white*—  
 Of course, that *darkness* must be *night*;  
 Except when some eclipse befel us,  
 Which by ephemeris he could tell us.  
 All this he knew by perfect rule,  
 Although he never taught a school;  
 Never, with all his stock of knowledge,  
 Was graduated at a College,  
 Where thousands take their learn'd degrees,  
 In arts less useful far than these;  
 And yet the son was counted *rather*  
 More learn'd and skilful than his father.

Now busy *Fame* and staring *Wonder*  
 Have nearly burst their orbe asunder,



And *Curiosity* stands tip-toe,  
 And *Slander's* dying, to let slip too,  
 And asks what dung-hill of the earth,  
 Was known by such a *crowing* birth?  
 While some, yet none but silly asses,  
 Will judge it to have been Parnassus.

In hopes it will not blast the fame of  
 America, he boasts the name of  
*American*.—"But," says the Yankee,  
 "If you will tell me *where*, I'll thank 'e;  
 "For since the *country* you have told, Sir,  
 "What *place*, if I may be so bold, Sir?  
 "For asking questions we are famous,  
 "And *strangers*, therefore, cannot blame us."  
 O, not at all—what you demand, Sir,  
 Prompt as a witness I shall answer.

Connecticut, to frogs once fatal,  
 Is the same State he calls his natal;  
 A State which other States surpasses,  
 For pumpkins, jonny-cakes, molasses,  
 Rogues, priests, attorneys, quack-physicians,  
 Blue-laws, and black-coat politicians,  
 Where many a father's son, aye, plenty,  
 Is father of a son at twenty;  
 And many a mother's maid has been  
 A mother made at seventeen;  
 And many more, at twenty-sev'n,  
 Pray more for husbands than for heav'n.

Where people live, while they have breath,  
 And die, whene'er they meet with death.  
 Of Litchfield county's mud and clay,  
 Was form'd the flesh of WILLIAM RAY ;  
 And Salisbury the very place  
 Where first he dar'd to shew his face ;  
 A county where the feds prevail,  
 And Selleck Osborn pin'd in jail,  
 To prove of *martyrdom* the fitness,  
 By giving to the world a *Witness*  
 That men may *Freedom* have, and lose her,  
*Court*, and *wed pow'r*, and then abuse her.

Early in life he went to school,  
 To gather wisdom from a fool ;  
 Who, senseless dolt, no reason knew why  
 One had a black, and one a blue eye ;  
 Why some than other men were taller,  
 Had longer noses, or were smaller ;  
 Nor why so many sons of Adam  
 Had not *black skins*, while others had 'em ;  
 Nor whether that complexion sable  
 Mark'd Cain, for killing brother Abel ;  
 Nor could he tell us, by *Addition*,  
 How many quacks made one *physician* ;  
 How many pettifoggers, pliant,  
 Made one true lawyer to his client ;  
 How many priests, that cant and whine,  
 Made one good orthodox divine ;

How many pray'rs there must be giv'n,  
 To send one hypocrite to heav'n ;  
 How many prudes, that fancy no man,  
 Made one chaste, virtuous, honest woman ;  
 Nor could he tell, with *all* his brains,  
 Take pride from alms and what remains ;  
 Nor yet, although he knew *Subtraction*,  
 Take *lust* from *love* and leave a fraction :  
 Nor shew us, by *Multiplication*,  
 How many scoundrels rule a nation,  
 While many good men, by *Reduction*,  
 Are brought to prison and destruction.

But he could shew, by *Rule of Three*,  
 As *warfare* is to *butchery*,  
 So heroes equal guilt exhibit,  
 To cut-throats, dangling on a gibbet ;  
 And prove; from *Int'rest*, (which a fact is,)  
 The just in *word* are knaves in *Practice* ;  
 By *Barter*, and by *Loss and Gain*,  
 How fools *Exchange* their ease for pain.

Of *Ethics* he knew not a little,  
 For he could tell us to a tittle,  
 Though the distinction very nice is,  
 The names of virtues and of vices ;  
 That *Friendship* nothing meant but *pelf*,  
 And *Social Love*—to love one's *Self* ;

That *Truth* was made—not to be spoken,  
And vows of Honor—to be broken ;  
That rigid *Justice* all detest,  
And *Mercy*, painful to the breast ;  
That *Love of Country* meant the same  
As *Pride, Ambition, Pomp, and Fame* ;  
That *Courage*, term it as you will,  
Was nought but fear that greater ill  
Would follow; if we took to flight,  
Than meet us, if we brav'd the fight ;  
That *Honesty*, so much applauded,  
Had thousands of their rights defrauded ;  
So hidden was, so marr'd and twisted,  
He could not tell where it existed.  
And to his knowledge pedagogic,  
He added all the pow'rs of *Logic* ;  
For he could prove from reasons strong,  
That *wrong* was *right*, and *right* was *wrong* ;  
That is, by Pope's " unerring light,"  
He show'd " whatever is, is right ;"  
And hence, by reasons full as strong,  
Whatever is not, is not wrong ;  
And thus *probatum est* it stood,  
That there is neither bad nor good.—  
But halt—the muse flies quite too fast.  
And some important things has past.

Ere yet he reach'd septennial years,  
To raise his hopes and calm his fears,

Respecting what some zealots tell,  
How span-long infants roast in hell,  
Who into it were luckless hurl'd,  
Before they ever saw the world ;  
'Twas found expedient he should know  
The terms of future bliss or wo.  
The first was infantile baptism,  
And then to learn his catechism,  
Dug from the Scripture's deepest mines,  
By Reverend Synod of Divines.  
In which they taught him to believe,  
The snake that courted granny Eve,  
Though like a *gentleman*, so civil,  
Was his "*grim majesty, the Devil* ;"  
Who with his tongue took such a grapple,  
He coax'd her to accept an apple ;  
Which she, like any well-bred woman,  
With her lov'd husband shar'd in common ;  
And being left to free volition,  
Brought us into our curs'd condition.  
Yet God himself ordain'd the sin,  
Which could not otherwise have been ;  
That God, from all eternity,  
By his immutable decree,  
Elected some of Adam's race,  
The minions of his partial grace ;  
Inspir'd the gospel to believe,  
Compell'd his mercy to receive ;

R

From crimes atrocious call'd or driv'n,  
And dragg'd by violence to heav'n ;  
While far the greater part remain  
Predestin'd to eternal pain ;  
The objects of his wrath, created  
On purpose to be reprobated ;  
Mock'd by an ineffectual call,  
And told that grace was offer'd all ;  
Debarr'd from ever *faith* receiving,  
And damn'd at last for *not believing*,  
Like one who spreads a free repast,  
And calls his servants all to taste,  
Admits a few to be his brothers,  
And bolts his door against the others,  
Then punishes, with ruthless hand,  
Those who obey'd not his command.

To bring such dogmas reconcil'd,  
Would puzzle any *common child* ;  
He, therefore, while his *faith* was sprouting,  
Began to doubt, and still is doubting ;  
But here he rests, here all his trust is,  
That God both merciful and just is,  
And will not plunge our souls in wo,  
For crimes six thousand years ago.

In childhood, plumbs, and cakes, and toys,  
These constituted half his joys ;  
And buckles, buttons, or a knife,  
Were valued dearly as his life ;

The mirror pond, the gurgling rill,  
Whereon he built his little mill;  
The sling, whence buzz'd the pebble missile,  
The jews-harp, whirligig and whistle:  
But, lest we weary your attention,  
With things too trifling now to mention,  
With sweetest joys of life we'll class them,  
And so in fond remembrance pass them,  
And come to tell you how he acted,  
As time and years his life protracted.

In youth the tyranny of passions,  
And versatility of fashions,  
Though sober call'd, by some, and steady,  
Made his head whirl till it was giddy;  
For pleasure led him such a caper,  
He thought he could not well escape her;  
And *Happiness*, *Contentment's* daughter,  
He fancied once that he had caught her;  
But on a strict examination,  
Lo! 'twas the termagant, *Vexation*!  
That, like a Vixen, ever follow'd  
Those pleasures not by temp'rance hallow'd;  
That gaudy clothing, brilliant dances,  
And *love*, which all the soul-entrances,  
That vision of a vision, which is  
A phantom all the world bewitches,  
To follow in a certain train  
The path that often ends in pain,

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Was happiness : but ah ! we find  
'Tis seated only in the mind,  
By reason into truth conducted,  
And sound morality instructed ;  
Arm'd with philosophy t' oppose  
Our passions, worst of all our foes.

At twenty-two, he entered trade ;  
But Fortune, that capricious jade,  
Soon as he mounted on her back,  
Fled frisking from the beaten track,  
'Took to the woods, through thorn and brier,  
And left him sprawling in the mire.  
While creditors' voracious jaws,  
Cursing insolvents and their laws,  
Yawn'd, frothing like a beast that battles,  
To swallow all his goods and chattels ;  
Each swearing he'd have what was his'n,  
Or end the debtor's life in prison.  
In such a just and noble cause,  
'They had the sanction of the laws ;  
Which give us liberty to seize,  
And murder debtors, if we please ;  
For when they nothing have to give,  
They should not any longer live :  
So erst the wisdom of the state,  
Hatch'd from some Solon's pond'rous pate,  
Ordain'd that each insolvent debtor,  
To live and pay his debts the better,



Should, or might be, forthwith arrested,  
And creditors with right invested  
To seize his property, while any,  
And when he'd not another penny,  
To take his body, sick or well,  
And drag it to a *worse* than hell ;  
Depriv'd of all the joys of life,  
Perhaps a family and wife,  
Camelion-like to feed on air,  
Or worse, on mis'ry and despair ;  
Without the means or pow'r to pay,  
Much longer than the *judgment* day,  
Unless the three-fourth act he take,  
Or make his fortune with a break ;  
If not, why let the rascal lie,  
What is it for a man to die,  
Who must discharge, sooner or later,  
The debt he owes to mother Nature ?  
And 'twill be own'd by any dunce,  
He'd better pay them all at once ;  
For death's a debt we all must pay,  
Our life's expenses to defray.

Such is the sample Candor draws,  
To shew the mildness of our laws,  
Which force men to abscond or fly,  
Turn swindlers, or in prison die ;  
He, therefore, to avoid the times,  
Embark'd to visit foreign climes.

And by experience 'twill be found  
That man is man the world around ;  
Whether in *England* we behold him,  
Fawning round tyrants that have sold him,  
Licking the hand that chains him down  
To bleed for *honor* and the crown ;  
Or *Ireland*, where an opposition  
To chains and halters is sedition ;  
(And 'tis confest that many need 'em,  
Who anarchy entitle freedom ;)  
Or whether farther we advance,  
And take a peep at reeking *France* ;  
Where sanguinary Robespierre  
Serv'd priests as we do poultry here,  
And thought no more of cutting throats  
Of men and women, than of shoats ;  
Where Bonaparte, with flag unfurl'd,  
Spreads carnage o'er the trembling world,  
And conquers kingdoms, states and nations,  
Easier than lovers do their passions ;  
Or *Spain*, where horrid inquisition  
Extorts the curse of superstition ;  
Or *Portugal*, where priests from heav'n,  
To people are as one t' eleven ;  
Whether a *Russian Czar* he shines,  
Or labors in Siberian mines ;  
Or pass to *Asia*, if you can,  
Whose God's a corpulent old man ;

Or *Africa*, where men are barter'd  
For gewgaws, or for market quarter'd ;  
Or *Barb'ry's* coast, where dread Bashaws  
At pleasure make and break their laws ;  
Where tyranny, with hungry zeal,  
Devours his thousands at a meal,  
Yet hopes to rise to heav'n's high summit,  
Through intercession of Mahomet.

Or whether back again we come,  
And take a view of things at home ;—  
At Georgia's southern point begin ye,  
And travel up through old Virginia ;  
What's to be seen where people boast  
Of being friends to freedom most ?

Behold the lordly planter stand,  
The lash still reeking in his hand,  
O'er the poor slave, whose only sin is  
That his, alas ! a sable skin is ;  
This gives the wretch, whose hide is white,  
To flay him an undoubted right ;  
From country and his friends compel him,  
To starve, to murder, or to sell him ;  
Whose treatment crueller and worse is,  
Than that of cattle, swine, or horses ;  
And e'en they often say the slave  
Has not, like them, a soul to save.

Are you republicans?—away !  
’Tis blasphemy the word to say—  
You talk of freedom?—out for shame!  
Your lips contaminate the name.  
How dare you prate of public good,  
Your hands besmear’d with human blood?  
How dare you lift those hands to heav’n,  
And ask or hope to be forgiv’n?  
How dare you breathe the wounded air,  
That wafts to heav’n the negro’s pray’r?  
How dare you tread the conscious earth,  
That gave mankind an equal birth?  
And while you thus inflict the rod,  
How dare you say there is a God  
That will, in justice, from the skies,  
Hear and revenge his creatures’ cries?  
“Slaves to be sold,” hark, what a sound !  
Ye give America a wound,  
A scar, a stigma of disgrace,  
Which time nor you can e’er efface;  
And prove, of nations yet unborn,  
The curse, the hatred, and the scorn.

And eke, behold our legislators  
Receiving bribes, and turning traitors ;  
Our judges, governors, and sages,  
The Catalines of modern ages ;  
Our clergy, imps of superstition,  
Blowing the conk-shells of sedition ;

All, all is topsy-turvy whirl'd,  
And vice and folly curse the world ;  
You therefore may pronounce an oath,  
Our author has a share of both ;  
And he's a knave, or lost his senses,  
Who to perfection makes pretences.

Yet some there are to whom belong  
The raptures of the poet's song ;  
Who fiery trials have withstood,  
And prov'd themselves both great and good.  
Amongst our worthies, count as one,  
The great, the peerless JEFFERSON.  
Illustrious Chief! whose wisdom shows  
The fountain clear, from whence it flows ;  
Whose vast and philosophic mind,  
Embraces all the human kind—  
Holds to that faith which owns men brothers;  
And twenty gods allows to others,  
While Europe's threat'ning posture bore  
The sword of war, the cup of gore ;  
Whose ships on ours made depredations,  
And broke the sacred laws of nations ;  
At home, while discord, feuds, and treason,  
Late menac'd Freedom's life to seize on,  
His firmness, prudence. and his skill  
Keep peace and safety with us still ;  
Columbia triumphs o'er her foes,  
And smiles and blossoms like the rose.

But, tardy Muse, come, trudge along,  
And close the prefatory song.

Reader, lay prejudice aside,  
And let calm reason be your guide ;  
If in the following, then, you find  
Things not so pleasing to your mind,  
And think them false, why, disbelieve them ;  
Errors of weakness ? then forgive them ;  
And let our sufferings and abuses  
For sev'ral *facts* make some excuses ;  
And when you're captur'd by a Turk,  
Sit down, and write a better work.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF  
THE AUTHOR'S LIFE, &c.

IN the preceding poetical Exordium, which was written about fifteen years ago, for a volume entitled the Horrors of Slavery, are contained some accounts of the birth and early pursuits, the sentiments and blis'd hopes of the author, if such he may be called, which need not be repeated in this place, and which, perhaps, ought never to have been published; as they have been construed by most readers, as promulgating sentiments involving doubts of the authenticity of the Gospel, and detracting from the faith of the Christian Religion: and I frankly confess, that at the time the Exordium was penned, my mind, for a number of years past, had been so bewildered in the mazes of sophistry which infidel writers had invented to entrap the young and unwary, as well as to refute the weak and illiterate Christian of all ages; so darkened and confused by the very light which Christians pretended to walk after, and which led them to so many different points; so shocked and perplexed at the virulent hostility which actuated one sect in opposing another, and yet all professing one faith, one Lord, and one baptism; so staggered and confounded with the conduct of Christian members, which appeared to belie their

professions, and gave reason to doubt of their sincerity, that I was almost brought to the conclusion, that the whole system of the Christian Religion was a tissue of deception, the offspring of priestcraft, the instrument of tyranny, and the scourge of mankind. But,

"Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,

"The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,"

at length broke through the glooms of "Doubt, the mother of Dismay," and I now no more question the truth of the Gospel, than I do the fact of my own existence; and the reason why the Exordium is retained in this volume is, that it may not in future be adduced to prove my religious tenets, or rather my tenets on religion, as being licentious, and of a dangerous tendency. I am willing, also, to admit what must be obvious to every one who has read the volume following the poetry here spoken of, that the style is too high strung, labored, and of course deficient in perspicuity and elegance.—

But a great many errors were committed in printing, and words substituted for better ones, without my knowledge or consent. I never read the proof-sheets, and I believe the work was chiefly done by boys, who frequently failed in finding out the words of the manuscript copy, and often *guessed* where it was obscure; making it unintelligible where it was before plain, and contemptible where it was before tolerable.

Having nearly finished my apologies, I shall proceed to give a brief sketch of my life, and of my sufferings among the barbarians of Tripoli; not flattering myself, however, with the idea that my name, my character, my writings, my sufferings in



Tripoli, or any thing that I have done, can be of so great importance to the public as the burning of Moscow, the fall of Bonaparte, or the coronation of George the Fourth. Neither have I the vanity to expect, that either my poetry or my biography will attract the attention of *Americans* like the writings of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore or Thomas Campbell, Esquires, the least tract of whose lives would be scrambled for and read with avidity, for

"While along the stream of life their name  
"Expanded flies and gathers all its fame,"

it cannot be hoped that my little bark shall

————— "Attendant snail,  
"Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale,"

although it should be freighted with all the riches of Miltonian lore, and boarded by all the muses of Parnassus. Without further ceremony, then, I shall introduce myself to the reader's notice for a few minutes only, faithfully promising that if my story is disagreeable, it shall not be long, and that if it should be badly told, it will be because it was not in my power to tell it better.

As mentioned in the Exordium, I was ushered into this strange world, without my privity or volition, in the town of Salisbury, county of Litchfield, and state of Connecticut, in the middle of a very hard winter;—in order to show me, I suppose, that my birth was to be portentous of my fate—that I should have to experience the coldness of friendship, the frost of disappointment, and to struggle through the snow-drifts of adversity.

My father was neither rich nor poor, except we apply the saying to him, that "he is rich who owes nothing,"—for I believe he was always pretty clear of debt, and always enjoyed the comforts and conveniences of life, to an extent that forbid murmuring. But he had a large family, and it was not in his power, as it was not much in the fashion in those days, to do a great deal more for his children than to give them a common school education, and of course, my early means of instruction were sparingly applied, and my later advantages quite limited. Before I ever went to school, and I think before the alphabet was taught me, my father, who was a very pious man, and who possessed a most astonishing memory, wishing to exercise and strengthen that of his children, as well as to inculcate sentiments of piety, gave out six of Watts' short hymns to each of two, a brother and a sister, older than myself, with a promise that they should have a shilling a-piece, provided they should commit them to memory in a certain given time.—When the day of recital arrived, my father was highly gratified to find that my brother and sister had acquitted themselves with a laudable zeal of their several tasks; and, after paying them the promised reward, turned to me and told me, that I must make haste and learn to read, so that I could receive the like favor. He was, however, not a little surprised and delighted in being informed that I could repeat the whole twelve hymns verbatim, from hearing them read by others, and when satisfied of the fact, he gave me as much as both the other two. With this feather in my cap, I marched off to school, where I soon outstripped every boy of my age, and several much older, in the first rudiments of our language. So excellent

a thing is it to encourage children when quite young in the pursuit of applause, by stimulating their minds to exertion, with the tempting prospect of reward and honor. Emulation seldom fails of attaining its objects, while too much severity often crushes genius in the bud. My first teacher was a gentleman of rare qualifications for such a calling. He united the most mild and engaging manners, with the most inflexible authority, and never was there a more complete adept in the art of physiognomy, or one better skilled in detecting the latent propensities of his pupils, than he was. He never inflicted punishment where it was not justly due, and no one ever escaped who stubbornly persisted in disobedience. I cannot but believe, that it is of far greater consequence to have our children committed to the care of teachers in their infancy, who are capable of governing them rightly, and teaching them correctly, than most people are willing to allow. Many a promising urchin who has been ruined and made a dunce of, by the unreasonable harshness, or stupid insensibility of his tyrannizing master, might be cited to bear testimony to the truth of the position here laid down.— Under the teacher whom I have just mentioned, the children made a most rapid progress; and under another one who succeeded him, and who was exactly the reverse, they made no proficiency at all, except in mischief and play. I did not go to the latter long; for my father was about to remove from the place. I remained at this school until about eight years of age, by which time, very few boys of my age, could pass a better examination in the common branches of learning, than I could. Hitherto had I seen nothing but the sunshine of prosperity—nothing but unclouded happiness.

The bright morning of my life began to be shaded—Death, appalling death, laid his hands upon a little sister of mine, next younger than myself, and dragged her from my sight. I was so passionately fond of her, that the separation was like “dividing the joints and marrow.” For several years afterwards, I never went to sleep at night, without paying to her memory the sacrifice of tears, and I can truly say, that as this was my beginning of sorrow, so was it the deepest wound that my heart ever received. Nearly the same time, my sensibility received another severe shock. There lived a little girl in the neighborhood, the daughter of a widow, an only child, about my age, and with whom many a playful hour had passed, still remembered with delight mingled with sorrow at the catastrophe. One evening after school, as we were acting our childish gambols in a chamber which had no bannisters round the top of the stairs, she fell backwards from the top to the bottom, and pitching on her head against the end of a whippetree, fractured her skull in such a manner as to cause her death the same night. I attended her funeral the next afternoon, and mourned her fate as deeply sincere, as ever a lover did that of his mistress. It was in the fall of the year, and I shall never forget the plaintive and melancholy cry of the crickets at evening, which seemed to echo her name, and bewail with me the sudden stroke of death. Time has not been able to obliterate the impressions, and to this day, whenever I hear the song of the cricket, it invariably reminds me of poor little Anna. These things may appear trifling and childish; but her death is of as much account in the eyes of heaven, as if she were a Princess; and I have as good a right to cherish

the remembrance of my early attachments, and to relate them too, as if I were the Prince of Wales. The only difference is, their relations would probably be read with the most eagerness. I had almost forgotten to remark, that by this time, the Muses began to whisper in my ear that I was one of their favorites by nature, and must permit them to conduct me to the Heliconian fount, and give me a sip of inspiration. They furnished me with a pair of wings; and the first effort which I made to use them, was directed to a funeral song on my favorite little Anna; and as I have since become a *great* poet, if not a *good* one, it may be well enough to give a specimen of my first attempt.—The following, I believe, is a faithful copy,—written when I was about ten years old:— \*

Poor Anna, she is dead and gone,

I saw her life depart;

She's left a mother all alone——

'Twill break her tender heart.

A *Savior* answers, "cease to weep;

"She is not dead, but gone to sleep."

I saw her spotless soul arise

Through yonder stars of even,

Led on by angels of the skies,

And welcom'd into heaven;

Yet when I 'woke and saw her shroud,

I could not help but weep aloud.

\* Since revised and corrected.

And is it sinful thus to weep?  
My conscience answers, no;  
When wounds of sorrow are so deep;  
Tears must have room to flow;  
And who can hear the rumbling clod  
Fall on her coffin, Oh! my God!

And not a shivering horror feel,  
At such a death-like sound!  
The grave is fill'd, and set the seal;  
Lie soft, ye hallow'd ground;  
Long shall the weeds that on you grow,  
Be nourish'd by the tears of wo.

It is true the minister of the parish pointed out some faults, and suggested amendments, in the first copy, which was accordingly corrected; but he pronounced it to be a wonderful production for a boy like me, and said he did not doubt, that with the same advantages, I might yet make as great a poet as Doctor Watts. It is needless to say that the flattering compliments which were paid me for this juvenile monody, raised my ambition to the highest pitch, and almost made me forget the sorrows which I felt at Anna's death, in listening to the plaudits which I received from her friends and others for writing her elegy. But adieu, ye painful, blissful recollections!

Shortly after this, my father sold his property in Connecticut, and removed to the state of New-York, on a farm comparatively new; where I was literally buried in the woods for several years, without much chance of gratifying my passion for classical studies. My father, however, was a man of extensive reading, and had something of a collection of books, whose contents I devoured with

a voracity never satiated. The first teacher which I was sent to, in this wooden country, was an old Englishman, as captious and despotic as he was illiberal and impotent. He was I believe about sixty, quite lame, and very corpulent. As he flogged the boys frequently for less than nothing, they in turn tormented him without reason, and avoided his lash without much difficulty. It was ludicrous enough to witness the scenes which were daily acted in the school.

" Full well the boding tremblers learn'd to trace

" The day's disasters in his morning face ;"—

and the old man might pretty well judge of his day's peace, on taking his seat in the morning, when he found in the bottom of the chair a dozen large pins fixed point upwards, for the reception of the venerable pedagogue. In such a case, he would fly at every one in the school, belaboring every one he could reach, with his crutch or his rod, without discrimination or mercy ; and the only way was to leave the house, and keep out of his way until he became pacified. The next manoeuvre would be to snatch the chair from under him when going to sit down ; which would bring him to the floor with a tremendous noise ; and whence he found it quite difficult to raise himself, without assistance, being very heavy, and crippled withal. No sooner was the old man up and well seated again, than some dingy rogue would snatch off his wig behind him, and another battle would ensue. One time the mischievous school boys contrived it so, after a severe flogging, as to revenge themselves to their full satisfaction. The under floor of the school-house was not fastened down, there were several short boards, and something of a hole or

cellar underneath, where the water was about a foot deep, and it was cold weather, late in the fall.— They fixed the boards in such a manner with his chair set on them, as the moment he sat down, they gave way, and the old man fell full souse into the hole below, water, mud and all. For my part, I was most horribly frightened, and really thought the luckless knight of the ferula had broken his neck. But, anon, such horrid imprecations issued from the regions below, as convinced me at once, that his breath was not stopped yet. Some of the stoutest boys dragged the old man out of the hole, all mud and water, with his wig gone, and half dead with the fall. This was made up, and the next prank they played with him, was:—four of his largest pupils, it being war-time, dressed themselves like Indians and way-laid him in a piece of woods which he had to pass, with muskets charged with powder. Thus prepared, they rose upon him with a horrid yell, discharged their pieces and pursued him which frightened him so that he hobbled for half a mile through the woods, with all his might, crying murder at every step. This was the last scene in the great drama. The poor old man never attempted to keep school another day in that place.

We now removed a few miles to a neighborhood of better society, and on a farm much more improved; where there was a tolerably good school for those times; but I never found a teacher but that I could run down in a very short time; so that books were my best dependance, and my own exertions all my support. I got hold of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which I read frequently till after midnight, and committed the whole of the three first books to memory; together with a considerable part of all the rest; particularly the eighth



and ninth. I was so struck with the awful grandeur of that immortal bard, that I really thought him some celestial being; and so enraptured with the explanation which he gives, in the third book, of the doctrine concerning free grace, and salvation made possible to all, in contradistinction to the tenets of Calvinism, which I found irreconcilable to my ideas of the justice and goodness of a Being who had taught me in his holy word to call him by the endearing name of Father, that, next to the sacred scriptures, I have always esteemed *Paradise Lost* as one of the best treasures of wisdom ever given to the world, independently of the transcendent sublimity and richness of the poetry. The passage which I allude to, in the third book, is where the Father is addressing the Son on the subject of the revolt of the angels, and of the fall of man, he says—

—————They themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fall,  
*Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.*  
 So, without least impulse, or shadow of fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain  
*Till they intral themselves; I else must change*  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
*Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd*  
*Their freedom; THEY THEMSELVES ORDAIN'D*  
 THEIR FALL.

This I deemed a triumphant acquisition; for I not only had, as I thought, the Bible on my side, but the great, the peerless Milton also—who had

so clearly expounded the mysterious doctrine of predestination, and so completely

"Justified the ways of God to man."

The Methodists now began to appear, and I went to hear one of their most distinguished preachers. He was a very eloquent man; and combatted the dogmas of Calvinism with ingenuity, and with arguments from scripture, which I considered unanswerable. I was quite enraptured with his discourse, and almost overpowered by the thunder of his eloquence. He read and sung these words—

"Come sinners to the Gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind."

This sermon and the whole performance, was so different from what I had been wont to hear; so much more consonant to my ideas of the character and attributes of *Eternal Love*, contrasted with the character of the Almighty, represented as bearing *eternal hatred* to the reprobates, who are, as Mr. Wesley says, "damned for not believing a lie," and consigned to everlasting punishment for fulfilling the decrees of their Maker, that I felt joy unspeakable. I hope, however, that many a pious Christian who assents to these horrid tenets, does it without considering their tendency, as involving the brightest perfections of Deity in the inevitable charge of cruelty and injustice.

The next author which I read, with remembered delight, was Doctor Young. The deep-toned melody of his numbers—his bold figures, and bolder

apostrophe—his striking antitheses and brilliant flashes of genius—his pathetic mourning over departed friendship—his caustic satire on folly, and tremendous broadsides of raillery at infidelity and vice, were read by me with deep interest, while *Young*, and many of his sparkling images, are yet bright to my recollection.

"Then tuneful Pope, whom all the Nine inspire,  
With Sapphic sweetness and Pindaric fire,  
Father of verse melodious and divine,  
Next Young and Milton shall distinguish'd shine."

Pope's *Essay on Man* I committed to memory before I was aware of it, and before I was twelve years old, I now and then began to flap my wings, and try experiments in rhyme. Butler's *Hudibras* fell into my hands, and I was much pleased with his wit, as well as with the measure of his poetry. Him I tried to imitate, thinking it easier to assimilate to his method, than any other. But the first attempt which I made in this new armor, liked to have cost me a severe drubbing, if nothing more. There was an old widow in the neighborhood, who had married an officer just from the army, a mere fortune-hunter, who wanted nothing of the old woman but the handling of her property, and when he found out there was not much to be expected from her but flesh and bones, he grew intolerably cross, and used to flog the poor old creature at every pretext which he could invent, in order to extort from her "better picking among the crumbs." He finally turned out to be a most infamous villain in every respect—quarrelsome and abusive to his neighbors—dissipated and worthless on every account—hated and despised by every body. It was none of my business to meddle

with him, however, as he did not disturb me ; but I had the vanity to think that I could raise the laugh against him, and gain some applause among the neighbors by lashing him in doggerels ; which, as they cost me a good deal of trouble, I have never forgotten to this day They were as follows :—

There lives a man whose heart is dross,  
Who, though no papist, bears a cross  
In ev'ry look—hell in his features—  
The most detestable of creatures.  
In war he held a low position,  
And now in crimes a high *commission* ;  
Still fond of bloodshed and of battle,  
He fights his neighbors—kills their cattle ;  
And further to prolong the strife,  
Flogs his own flesh and bones—his wife.

What shall be done to such a hero,  
As base and cruel as a Nero ?  
What shall be done to such a wretch,  
Except the villain's neck you stretch,  
But when again the storm he gathers,  
To clothe him with a coat of *feathers* ;  
Unlike the one he wore in war,  
Of tissued cloth—but made of *tar* :—  
Or, should this mild expedient fail,  
Then try the virtues of a *rail*.

By some means or other, the old man got sight of these lines, and found out who wrote them. He swore vengeance ; and from that time until he ran away, which was about six months afterwards, he avoided him as I would a tiger ; often jumping over the fences and running across lots, when likely to meet him. The fact is, I was almost constantly afraid of

losing my life, for I knew him to be as revengeful as an Indian. Thus I paid pretty dear for my whistle. When about sixteen, I got myself into a literary squabble. There was an old gentleman who rode post, and brought us the papers; a proper old fanatic in religion, who fancied himself occasionally inspired, and published a pamphlet entitled "The Alarm to the World;" making use of the three frogs mentioned in the 16th Chapter of Revelations. I should not have disturbed the old lunatic, if he had not attacked the methodists; but his doing so called forth my resentment, for I loved their doctrine, although I could not approve of their enthusiasm; and it was their doctrine which he made the point of his assault. I wrote a long string of bombastic rhymes, and sent the communication to the printer by the old man himself, who suppressed their publication, and sent me a long poetical epistle without rhyme or reason in answer, to which I returned a short reply and heard no more of it. My first piece began and ended in the adopted language of the old saint himself, turned into verse.

Descend from heav'n, ye sparks divine,  
On this old crazy pate of mine,  
And I shall utter greater wonders  
Than ever broke from *fourteen* thunders,  
And more alarm the drowsy world,  
Than all the bolts they ever hurl'd.

In sixteenth chapter Revelations,  
A book perplexing to all nations,  
Till by the light of my old brain,  
Its darkest doubts are rendered plain,  
Three frogs are mentioned—but for why

T

No one can tell on earth but I :  
 Brim-full of holy inspiration,  
 I here pour out *my* explanation.  
 Beginning, then, at frog the first,  
 By far the greatest and the worst,  
 And giving all my learning scope,  
 I take this frog to be the Pope ;  
 Of noise and pride a windy full frog,  
 In other words, a monstrous bull-frog ;  
 Such as in Windham tun'd their breath,  
 And scar'd the people half to death.  
 The second frog my witticism  
 Pronounces to be methodism ;  
 A thing my righteous soul abhors,  
 As bad as Satan does and worse ;  
 It takes away our reprobation,  
 And offers *ev'ry one* salvation—  
 Makes God impartial, just and pure,  
 But leaves the devil insecure ;  
 While unconditional election,  
 Builds up his kingdom to perfection,  
 The choice of reprobates controls,  
 Long since decided at the polls,  
 He has a mortgage on *their* souls.

Now ~~for~~ the last, though not the least,  
 I judge to be a Baptist priest,  
 Who *ev'ry* body knows is fond  
 Of diving in a brook or pond,  
 The very element of frogs :—  
 The children's bread he throws to dogs,  
 Denies the infant soap and suds  
 To wash his little dirty duds,  
 By sin original deep stain'd,  
 As Saybrook Platform has ordain'd :

While I more charitably hold,—  
Infants are damn'd as well as old.

This is not half of what I wrote ; but this is enough to show with what spirit I wrote it. The truth is, the old man's pamphlet was not worth noticing, and ought not to have been either read or burlesqued.

When about nineteen, I went to reside in Dover, county of Dutchess, where I took a school, just vacated by Zebulon R. Shipherd, now a distinguished lawyer in the county of Washington, and where I remained about two years, constantly attending the Methodist meetings for about a year, when I found that there were a great many among them whose private characters were infamous, while they were pretending to absolute perfection: I began to doubt—quit them, and was wretched. I would advise no man ever to forsake any religious society to which he feels himself attached by principle, on account of the unworthiness of some of its members. It commonly ends in a disregard for all religious societies, and consequently in ruin and misery. While living here, and pursuing my studies at intervals of business with unabating ardor, I wrote a piece of poetry on the return of spring, which attracted some notice, and I had to give a number of copies to different friends, one of which was written the January following, and was dated at the bottom the day of that month in which the copy was made. A brother pedagogue in the vicinity, who had received the advantages of a liberal education, and made some pretensions to poetry himself, happened to get hold of this copy, and undertook to ridicule me for the blunder I had made in the date of my poem. He sent me a poetical chal-

lenge, as illiberal as it was abusive; for he was at least ten years older than myself, had enjoyed superior advantages, and was actually under obligations to me, which none but an ingrate would have disregarded. He must have known, too, that there was no real blunder in the piece, which described the scenery and the birds of Spring;—even the heading it with the word spring, was sufficient to show when it was composed. He, however, addressed his piece,—“To the Bard who described spring on the 4th of January,” and says in one part of it,

“The crow, the snow-bird, and the jay,  
“Are all the birds that sing this way.”

I was so provoked at his unmannerly and ungenerous attack, that my only object was to retaliate, and make him feel my resentment. He had some sore spots on his character, and these I endeavored to hit, not much caring whether the poetry were good or bad. I wrote quite a long string of verses, which it is not worth while to repeat, ending in this manner:—

Before I close my epic poem,  
I'll mark the Bard that all may know 'im :—  
He's branded on the forehead high,  
With letters plain to ev'ry eye :—  
M—stands for monkey, mole, and mule,  
I—for an Indian,—T—for tool ;  
C—means a coxcomb, coward, 'cog ;  
H—hanging, hen-roost, hawk, and hog ;  
E—stands for envy, ever evil,  
And L—concludes the name———of *Derit*.



He broke the close of sense, of reason,  
 And stray'd away——in *Winter season* ;  
 Whoever will return said bard,  
 Shall have a reasonable reward.

These lines, though not very poetical, stung him to the quick. I had the advantage of him in one respect ; my character was fair, and his was vulnerable. He could say nothing ill of me, except he lied. I could say much of him and speak the truth. He, however, replied to my ditty in a full sheet of lofty rhymes. I shall only give the introduction as a specimen :—

From Helicon descend, ye heavenly Nine,  
 Who claim your births and origin divine ;  
 Who rais'd sublimely sightless Milton's mind,  
 To soar above and leave this globe behind ;  
 To storm Heav'n's ramparts, scan th' eternal  
                   plains,  
 Where angels fought, pull'd hair, and beat out  
                   brains ;  
 Not these dread scenes, nor those which Ho-  
                   mer view'd,  
 Of warring men, of battle, and of blood,  
 Are fit to vie with what I'll soon relate,  
 Nor all the events of past or future fate,  
 Afford a theme so weighty, so divine,  
 So mighty wonderful as this of mine.  
 Now let the muse what she foresees declare,  
 And soon, depend, I'll make all *Dover* stare ;  
 I'll lift his fame to strike the highest star,  
 His deeds, which far transcend all feats of war,  
 Shall in my numbers live to latest time,  
 And bloom and flourish in immortal rhyme.

should not have gone into excesses—strange that I committed no more. For a long time I had not paid any attention to the muses, and like other coy ladies, to be won they must be caressed.—There was a young coxcomb in the place whom I had rather slighted, as I always did that class of two-footed animals, and to revenge himself he sent me a copy of very flat verses, headed with “*Pride will have a fall*,” and meanly reflecting on my comparative situation. To which I returned the following:

To MR. ———


In ignorance *you* lie, secure from all,  
For he who never *rose*, can never *fall*.

I late receiv'd your lines with pleasure,  
Perus'd them o'er and o'er at leisure;  
Coincident with your command, sir,  
I take my pen to write an answer:—  
But oh! how vain for me to strive  
At such perfection to arrive!  
Vain as 'twould be for me to think  
To blot the sun with pen and ink,  
To call the stars by name and number,  
To raise the dead from soundest slumber,  
To conjure spirits good or evil,  
Or e'en to raise the very devil.

But since you've made an introduction,  
Pray sir, continue your instruction;  
Without the smallest doubt or scruple,  
I soon shall make a forward pupil;  
Shall, like yourself, in arts excel,  
And learn to read and write and spell;  
I'll try; nor think in vain my hope,

To equal Milton, Watts or Pope ;  
Like Hudibras, I'll make all jingle,  
And challenge Horace and M'Fingal ;  
Still strive in vain to beat your copy—  
Then throw my pen and ink to Joppa.

In 1803, still struggling with misfortunes too painful to recapitulate, I started in the spring to make one effort more for amending my broken condition ; and wandering in a southern direction, "seeking rest, and finding none," having lost my horse on the way by sickness, and after having been arrested in my journey by a fever, which confined me to my bed for a considerable time, and nearly drained my pockets of cash, I arrived at Philadelphia, where I had a flattering prospect of finding a situation as an Editor, at thirty dollars a month ; but I had been so long in reaching there, from causes just mentioned, that another man was employed, and of course I lost the birth. My pecuniary means were totally exhausted—among strangers—too high-spirited to let my actual situation be known—too proud to ask charity, and too honest to steal or rob ;—in a paroxysm of half despair and half insanity, I entered on board the ill-fated U. S. frigate Philadelphia, then lying in the Delaware, in a low capacity, without either inquiring or caring where she was bound ; determined to fight my way to better times, or perish in the attempt—no matter which. It was the 3d day of July, 1803, when I went on board ; every thing was in confusion, the ship preparing for sea with all possible dispatch, and my fare for several days gave me some reason to think that a man of war was no place to find repose. As I then wrote what was adjudged to be an excellent hand, which



was soon found out by the officers, and conducting myself with circumspection, it was not long before I was noticed and taken into the wardroom to write for the officers, where I was treated with the utmost delicacy and kindness, particularly by Lt. Hunt; although my feelings were constantly wounded at the severity which I had to witness towards a great many poor desponding wretches who had entered on board from necessity more than choice. There was almost one incessant outcry of men writhing under the rope's end or the cat.—Having in a former publication, entered my protest against the barbarous practice of flogging men like dogs to make them behave like sailors, and having enjoyed the pleasure of seeing such practice reprobated by our government, and abolished by congress, I shall not dwell any longer on a subject which I hope it is unnecessary to revive, the bare thoughts of which awaken feelings of no use to cherish.—Our frigate was commanded by Capt. Bainbridge, who was thought by many of the sailors to be a good officer, and he certainly gave me no reason to complain as to myself. Mr. Jones, the second Lieutenant, who has since distinguished himself so handsomely, was a calm, mild and judicious officer, beloved by all the seamen. Mr. M'Donough, now the Commodore and hero of Lake Champlain, was a midshipman on board; as was also the intrepid Capt. Biddle, and the unfortunate Mr. Gibbons, who was burnt in the Charleston Theatre. On the 12th July, we dropped down to Fort Penn, where we lay several days, and then fell down the river as far as New-Castle.—Here we took in water, provisions, &c. After remaining here a few days, Lt. Jones arriving from New-York with between thirty and forty men—

whom he had shipped there, and being now fully prepared, and having our pilot on board, we descended the river, and on the 27th, dismissing the pilot, we soon lost sight of the happiest shores on earth.

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## CHAP. II.

To guard our commerce from assailing foes—  
Their insults to repel—their fleets oppose;  
Our rights t' assert to navigate the main,  
In spite of England, Barb'ry, France or Spain;  
To show base pirates for defence we meant  
T' expend whole millions—~~tribute—not a cent~~—  
For this our pines, proud monarchs of the wood,  
Bow'd to the dust, and kiss'd the raging flood;  
For this our oaks forsook their kindred trees,  
And proud o'er ocean, march'd before the breeze;  
For this our seamen quit their native shore,  
Rode the wild waves, and ferried seas of gore;  
For this bold Eaton with his patriot band,  
Scour'd the lone deserts of a barb'rous land;  
For this our naval heroes fought and bled,  
So brave when living, and so mourn'd when dead,

Our frigate shaped her course for the Mediterranean. We had for the most part of the way, a fine breeze and very pleasant weather. We arrived at Gibraltar, if I mistake not, the 26th day of August, but saw the straits in twenty-six days from the Capes of Delaware. We lay at the Rock a few days, when the frigate New-York, Commodore Morris, the Constitution, Capt. Preble, and

the John Adams, Capt. Campbell, arrived from the Mediterranean. The brig *Vixen*, Lt. Smith, also arrived from Baltimore. Information being received that a war vessel with Barbary colors was cruising off the Rock, our frigate went in pursuit of her, and she hove in sight about the middle of the afternoon. She bore away with all the sails she could set, and we gave chase. Our ship was under British colors; but still she refused to come to until we had fired a number of guns. About sunset, we came within hailing—she was asked, where are you from?—"Morocco." Where are you bound?—"Morocco."—What news?—"The Emperor of Morocco has given orders to capture all American shipping."—Have you taken any?—"Yes, a brig from Boston."—Where is she?—"Ahead." We were along side the ship with every thing prepared to give her a full broadside, when—judge of the enemy's consternation, orders were given to let fall the British flag and hoist the American colors, followed by—"Strike you d—d rascals or I'll blow you out the water!"—In an instant their flag was down, and a cry of "*quarters! America! quarters!*"—She proved to be the Moorish ship *Mirboha*, of twenty-two guns and one hundred and ten men. The prize in tow, we now made for the brig, which led us a chase and was very unwilling to come to; but when we came within hail, the affrighted master cried out, "*Morocco! Morocco! America!*" and immediately struck his colors. This brig was the *Celia*, of Boston, with six hands besides the Captain and mate, who had been stripped of their clothing, robbed of their chests and cash, plundered of every thing valuable in their cargo, and confined below in irons. We took the brig in tow, the prize in company, and

steered for the Rock. Knowing themselves to be pirates, the Moorish captives manifested great concern for their lives, by often putting their fingers across their throats and asking us if we did not think they would lose their heads. They were all sent on board of our ship. Lt. Cox remained on board the Moorish ship as prize master. The prisoners we kept on board the frigate, where they were treated with kindness, for some days, and then sent to their own ship again. To supply the place of Mr. Cox as first Lieut. of the Philadelphia, Mr. Porter came on board, and midshipman Renshaw to fill the place of Mr. M'Donough who remained with Mr. Cox. The Emperor of Morocco disavowed this act, the ship was restored, and the treaty of 1786 was renewed. Affairs being adjusted with Morocco, we sailed for Malta some time in October in company with the Vixen, and arrived there towards the latter part of the month. I need not inform the intelligent reader that is the Island which in St. Paul's day was called Melita, the place where he was shipwrecked, and where the "barbarous people showed no little kindness."

The town of Malta is large and populous, the harbor is spacious and commodious, and being nearly enclosed by the town, it is a very safe one for shipping. The houses are built of a cream colored stone, and are durable and handsome. The numerous churches, priests, monks, and friars--the almost incessant ringing of bells in every part of the town, as signals for prayers, would lead any one to imagine that here was the residence of holy Christians; but you must take very good care when among these pious Christians, that you do not have your pockets picked, with all their zeal and piety.

After a short stay here, we sailed for Tripoli, and for what reason I know not, left the brig.

On the 31st day of October, early in the morning, a sail was discovered on our larboard bow, and orders were immediately given for chase.—She hoisted Tripolitan colors and bore away, making in shore towards Tripoli. The white walls of our destined place of confinement soon hove in sight. Every sail was set, and every effort made to overhaul the ship, and cut her off from the town. The wind was not very favorable to our purpose, and we frequently had to wear ship. A constant fire was kept up from the Philadelphia, but to no purpose. We were now within about four and a half miles from the town, and Captain Bainbridge, not being acquainted with the harbor, having no pilot nor correct chart, trusted implicitly to Lt. Porter, who had been here before, and who professed to be well acquainted with the situation of the harbor. We however went so close in that the Captain began to be fearful of venturing any further, and was heard to express his apprehensions to Lt. P. who made answer that there was no danger yet, and that he would give them a few shots more. A few moments afterwards, and just as our ship was preparing to wear away, she struck upon the shoals and remained fast! I was writing in the ward-room at the time, and hearing a tremendous bustle on deck, ran up the hatchway to see what was the matter. I saw at once that the ship's bow lay up partly careened, and that she was aground. She lay in a posture exactly as I had dreamed of seeing her a few nights before, and the moment I saw her, the dream recurred to me *in a very striking manner*. Dismay was visible in every countenance. The sails were put aback ;



the top gallant sails loosened, three anchors thrown away from the bows ; the water in the hold started ; and the guns thrown overboard, excepting a few abaft to defend the ship against the attacks of the gunboats, three of which were now under way from the wharves. Her foremast was also cut away ; but all to no effect. One gunboat only was able to gain a position where she could reach us and this began and continued to spit her fiery vengeance ; but they fired too high, and hit nothing but the rigging. The stern of our frigate was partly demolished to make way for our guns to bear upon the enemy the better, but all was unavailing. It was about twelve o'clock when the frigate struck the shoals. We continued firing at the gunboats and using every means in our power to get the ship afloat and annoy the enemy, when, a little before sunset, the Eagle of America fell a prey to the vultures of Barbary—the flag was struck!—and what is worse, struck to one Tripolitan gunboat!!—We had boarding pikes, battle axes, muskets and bayonets, cutlasses and pistols, dirks and tomahawks, boarding nettings, and every thing else to defend ourselves with ; there were more than three hundred of us on board—we might, I humbly beg leave to think, have kept off the enemy for that night, and behold the next morning, as I have always been told, by the Tripolitans, the ship was afloat!!! How this act was justified by the court martial that afterwards investigated the subject, is not for me to say. I know, however, that it was thought by many of the warrant and all the petty officers, as well as by the whole crew, to say the least of it, an unnecessary and premature surrender. The fact was, the enemy were so dastardly that after the

flag was struck they dare not, for they did not come to take possession of their prize, until our boat was sent and convinced them that it was no farce, no trick, and that the U. S. frigate Philadelphia of forty-four guns had actually struck her colors to one Tripolitan gunboat!!!—And yet we must not indulge the idea that Capt. Bainbridge was a coward, by any means. I suppose it was feared that when night came on, the enemy would venture out in full force, and probably overpower us, giving no quarters.

While the boat was gone, the ship was scuttled, and every thing destroyed or thrown overboard, that could be of any use to the enemy:—all hands were called to muster on the quarter deck—Capt. Bainbridge read a clause in the articles of war,—stating that our wages would be continued while prisoners of war—encouraged us to hope for a ransom, and advised us to behave with fortitude and circumspection, while amongst our barbarous captors. About sundown, the boats of the enemy came along-side, boarded us, hurried us into their boats, and commenced their plunder—stripping us of all our clothing, except shirts, trowsers and hats. I had some pieces of gold which an officer had given me in my vest pocket; which I at first refused to give up, but one of the pirates pushing the muzzle of a cocked pistol hard against my breast, soon brought me to terms. When we approached the shore, we were thrown headlong into the waves, foaming from a high breeze, ~~when~~ the water was up to our armpits and left to strangle, or get ashore as we could. At the beach stood a row of armed Janizaries, through which we passed, amidst cursings and spittings, to the Castle gate. It opened, and we ascended a narrow winding dis-

mal passage, which led into a paved avenue lined with grisly guards, armed with sabres, muskets, pistols, and hatchets. Here we halted again a few moments, and were again hurried on through various turnings and flights of stairs, until we found ourselves in the presence of his majesty, the puissant Bashaw of Tripoli. The throne on which he was seated was raised about four feet from the surface, inlaid with Mosaic, covered with a cushion of the richest velvet, fringed with gold, bespangled with brilliants. The floor of the hall was of variegated marble, spread with carpets of the most beautiful kind. The person of the Grand Bashaw made a very tawdry appearance. His clothing was a long robe of blue silk embroidered with gold. His broad belt, ornamented with diamonds, held two gold mounted pistols and a sabre with a golden scabbard, hilt, and chains. On his head he wore a large white turban, decorated in the richest manner. His whole vestments were superb in the extreme: His dark beard swept his breast. I should suppose him to be about forty, is rather corpulent, five feet ten inches in height, and of a manly majestic deportment. When he had satiated his pride and curiosity, the guard conducted us into a dreary and filthy apartment of the castle, where there was scarcely room for us to turn round, and where we were kept for nearly two hours, shivering in our wet clothes, and with the chills of a very damp night. The Neapolitan slaves, of whom the Bashaw had more than one hundred and fifty, brought us dry clothing to exchange for our wet, and we sincerely thanked them for their apparent kindness, expecting to receive ours again when dry; but the trickish scoundrels never returned our clothes nor made us any restitution. Our clothing

was new, and what they brought us in exchange was old and ragged. We were next taken to a piazza nearly in front of the Bashaw's audience hall, where we lodged for the night. It was open on one side to the cold winds of the night, and as many of us had wet clothes on, not having exchanged them,—add to this the gloomy prospects before us, and it will not be imagined that we enjoyed very comfortable repose.

In the morning about eight o'clock, an old sorceress came to see us. She had the complexion of a squaw, was bent by age, ugly by nature and rendered frightful by art. Looking round upon us, she raised a shrill cry of *lu, lu, lu, lu!*—struck her wand three times upon the pavement; and then went through the ranks and inspected us. This frightful hag is held by the Bashaw, and all the Tripolitans, in the highest veneration, not only as an enchantress, but as a prophetess also. It is said by them, that she predicted the capture of the Philadelphia, and believed by them, that the frigate struck the shoals in consequence of her incantations.

We were soon collected together in front of a large window toward the yard, where the Bashaw, the renegade Scotchmen, Com. Lisle, and several of the Bashaw's officers began to interrogate us, respecting our Captain's giving up the ship to one gunboat. We told him our Captain was a brave man, and had done wisely. The Bashaw said he was "good for the Turk, but no good for Americans." He was very inquisitive to know the number of shipping and military strength of America. We gave him exaggerated accounts of both.—The carpenters, blacksmiths, and other mechanics were selected from the crew, and when counted,

mingled with us again. We were then marched to an old magazine, which had once been occupied as a prison for the Swedish captives, who had been taken like us, but were discharged. This place had a most dismal appearance,—was dark, smoky, and floorless. The most of us had not tasted a mouthful of food for nearly thirty hours, and we began to feel the “keen demands of appetite.” Towards evening, some coarse white bread was given us, one loaf a-piece, weighing about twelve ounces. This was all we had for the day. We had nothing to sleep on but an old tattered sail; the bottom of the prison was full of sharp pebbles; the weather was about the most chilly of any in the year; we had, or I had nothing but a shirt and trowsers; the prison was very much crowded, so that we had not room for all to lie down at once, and *you* may well judge how much we could enjoy the refreshment of sleep in such a situation. For my part, the effects of my lodging on such hard bedding are felt to this day, and, probably, will be felt with increased pain, until the day of my death.—The commissioned and warrant officers fared much better. They were it is true kept in close confinement in the American Consular House, while we were allowed the liberty of the town, when not at labor; but they had plenty of good wholesome provisions, and we were frequently almost famished with hunger. Knowing this to be our situation, “Capt. B. wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, “requesting,” says Doct. Couderv, “that arrangements might be made to meet the exigencies of himself, the other officers, and their servants,—and adding, the remainder of the crew would be provided for by the Regency.” This I have always thought was very wrong; for

the Capt. could not have expected that the Bashaw would allow us any more than he could make us earn, or treat us any better than his other slaves. But I suppose our Captain was willing to make the best of a bad bargain, and cause as little expense to the United States as possible.

The second morning of our captivity, we were all ordered out of the prison before sunrise. The carpenters, the blacksmiths, the coopers and sail-makers, were separated into different gangs, and appointed to their several employments, under Turkish masters. The remainder divided into different parties—some sent into the castle to carry stone, lime and mortar, where they were making repairs; and others to different kinds of labor as they chanced to be called for. Some got intoxicated on a liquor called *aquadent*, distilled from the date, and sold by the Jews, for which offence they received a severe bastinading. The instrument with which they inflict this torture is called a *bastone*; it is generally a stick about four feet long, as thick as a man's arm, through which two holes are bored so as to take in a rope forming a loop. Into this loop the victim's feet are put, being first thrown on the ground with his back upmost. A Turk then takes hold at each end of the stick, and twisting it round, the feet are brought in a horizontal position, screwed tight together, with the soles fair for a blow. A man sits on his back, and two more with each a bamboo, as large as a walking-staff, and about three feet long, hard and heavy, apply it to the soles of the feet with all their might and vengeance. In this manner, they punished several of our men for various offences, and in this manner they punish their own. The men thus flogged were put in heavy irons for

two or three days. Having nothing for twenty four hours' allowance but two coarse black loaves of sour barley bread, weighing about twelve ounces each, a-piece, and being kept hard at labor, our men began to complain much of hunger. Some of them had the good fortune to save a little money, and these were permitted to go to the market to purchase bread and vegetables. A little beef and pork was brought from the frigate, and divided amongst us, and though raw, devoured with greediness. Their market makes a wretched appearance, consisting of a long row of low mud-wall huts, at the doors of which the people sitting on the ground retail pumpkins, carrots, turnips, scallions, oranges, lemons, limes, figs, dates, pomegranates, bread, butter, milk, oil, &c. We were allowed about three fourths of a gill of sweet oil per day, to eat with our bread. In this horrid dungeon, where some of us every night had to set up for want of room to lie down, we continued through the winter, suffering intolerably for the want of shoes and clothing, as well as for victuals, without hearing the least news from our squadron until February. Several of our men became much indisposed from sleeping on the damp ground, and going almost naked, and one of them, *John Hilliard*, died in consequence; and some others did worse than die by turning from Christianity to Mahometanism. The first one who disgraced our flag in this manner, thank fortune, was not an American, but a German, who spoke the *Lingua Franca*, and had been a quartermaster on board our frigate, by the name of John Wilson, a perfidious wretch, who acted as a spy upon us before he assumed the dress of a Turk, and injured us very much in different ways, by carrying stories to the Bashaw, tend-

ing to prove his partiality for him in preference to the Americans. The fellow told us that the Bashaw's orders were for us to pull off our hats and give him three huzzas as he passed through our prison yard. The Bashaw personally made his appearance, and some of our men were mean enough to cheer the old tyrant, while others refused with a spirit truly American. He was dressed much the same as when we first saw him in the castle, surrounded by slaves and Mamelukes, riding a large milk-white mare. At his right hand rode a huge negro, who was admitted to this distinguished honor for having assassinated the Bashaw's brother, who was a powerful and dangerous rival. Four of his younger children went before him, on mules led by Neapolitan slaves, carrying each an umbrella over the head of the child. Two large boxes, containing the Bashaw's best treasures were slung across a mule led by a trusty slave. The Tripolitans appearing to be more savage than common, we found that some reports had reached them of the Americans' treating their prisoners very roughly on-board the John Adams; and Wilson had also informed the Bashaw that several boxes of dollars had been thrown overboard from the Philadelphia. Both of these stories were false. The one told by Wilson, was doubtless meant to ingratiate himself with the Bashaw, and he actually kept a number of the Turks diving and fishing for the money several days, and until the Turks themselves disbelieved the story, it being contradicted by the whole crew. Capt. B. coming among us, accused Wilson of his base treachery, which he could not deny, and told him that if ever they both got back to America, or got released from captivity, he would have him hanged



for a traitor. This induced the perfidious wretch to seal his infamy by embracing Mahometanism. Soon after Wilson's apostacy, Thomas Prince, a lad from Rhode-Island, followed his example.

Our bread was very musty: Our situation became intolerable, and I suggested the idea of presenting a petition to the Bashaw for some kind of relief. Some objected to it as being rather degrading to Americans to ask any favor of a Turk; but I drew a petition and they all signed it. It was in the following words:

*To his Excellency the Grand Bashaw of Tripoli.*

The petition of the American prisoners, most humbly sheweth:—That when your petitioners were captured in the United States frigate Philadelphia, they were plundered of all their clothing, and are daily sickening and suffering most intolerably, from the inclemency of the season, and from not having any thing to sleep on to keep them from the cold damp ground, but a tattered sail-cloth: And also, that your petitioners, not receiving sufficient nourishment to enable them to endure the hardships and to perform the grievous tasks assigned them, are frequently most inhumanly beaten for the lack of that strength, which proper food would restore and supply—Your petitioners therefore pray,—that his Excellency, consulting his interest as well as his honor and humanity, would graciously be pleased to grant us more comfortable clothing and more nourishing food; and your petitioners, while they continue your prisoners, will remain your most faithful, industrious, and obedient.

The next day the Bashaw in consequence of the petition, ordered us two barrels of pork from

the frigate. This however was but a drop in a bucket, and was devoured with instantaneous greediness.

On the 22nd of Dec. one hundred and fifty of our men, myself among the rest, were sent to raise an old wreck of a vessel deeply ~~buried~~ in the sand under water, eastward from the town. It was now the coldest season of the year—we were almost naked, and were driven into the water up to our armpits. We had to shovel the sand from the bottom, and carry it in baskets to the banks. The chilling waves almost arrested the flow of life forever, and the Turks seemed more barbarous than usual, beating us with their bamboos and exulting in our sufferings. They kept us in the water from about sunrise until two o'clock P. M. before we were permitted to come out, or to taste a mouthful of food for that day. They then brought us some bread and a jug of aquadent. When we had "snatch'd a short repast," we were driven again into the water and kept there until sunset. We had no clothes to change, but were obliged to sleep in our wet ones on the damp earth the following night. With such usage life became almost insupportable, and every night when I laid my head upon the "lap of earth," I most sincerely prayed that I might never experience the horrors of another morning. Our sufferings continued much the same until about the middle of February.

On the 16th of that month, towards evening, two vessels bearing American colors, were seen standing in for the harbor. Our men were much rejoiced at the sight; for as the season of the year was not favorable for an attack, they flattered themselves that they had come either to ransom us on terms already agreed to, or with proposals which we hoped would be

accepted. The Bashaw had ordered us a barrel of pork, another of beef, and all our men appeared more than ordinarily cheerful. About 11 o'clock at night, we were roused by the screeches of women, the clattering of footsteps through the prison yard, the harsh loud voices of men, mingled with a thundering of cannon from the castle, which made our prison tremble to its base. Tumult, consternation and dismay reigned in every section of the town and castle; and it was verily believed that if we had been at liberty and furnished with arms, we might with ease have taken the castle with every other fort in town; for the most of the people in town supposed we had already risen and taken the castle, and were afraid to come nigh it. In the confusion of voices we could often hear the word *American!*—and we therefore hoped that some of our countrymen were landing to liberate us; but the true cause of so much clamor we did not learn until morning.

Feb. 17th, early in the morning, and much earlier than usual, our prison doors were unbolted, which had been doubly guarded the night before, and the keepers rushed in amongst us like so many fiends, and fell to beating and cursing every one they could see, spitting in our faces, gnashing their teeth, and hissing like dragons. Word was soon brought that the wreck of the frigate *Philadelphia* lay smoking in the racks at a point where she had drifted, burned down to the water. We could not disguise our joy at the event, which increased the exasperated Turks still the more, so that every boy we met in the streets took the liberty to spit on us as we passed, not forgetting to pelt us severely with stones. Our tasks were also redoubled, our bread withheld for three days, and every

driver exercised cruelties over us tenfold more rigid than before. We were so hungry that for my part I was glad to pick up the peels of oranges in the dirty streets, and eat them filth and all.— How and by whom this heroic achievement was performed I never knew for a certainty until I saw the official report afterwards. “The Philadelphia lay within half gun shot of the Bashaw’s castle and principal battery. On her starboard quarter lay ten Tripolitan cruisers within two cables’ length; and on her starboard bow a number of gunboats within half gun shot. All her guns were mounted and loaded. Lieut. Stephen Decatur had arrived from Syracuse in the Ketch Intrepid, which he had lately taken from the Tripolitans, manned with seventy volunteers for this hazardous enterprise. He had parted with the Syren, Lieut. Steward in a gale, but still was resolved to risk the event alone. When within about two hundred yards of the Philadelphia, they were hailed from her, and ordered to anchor in peril of a broadside. The pilot on board the Intrepid was ordered to answer that all their anchors were lost. The Intrepid was warped along side the Philadelphia. It was not until then the Tripolitans suspected them to be an enemy; and the confusion in consequence was great. As soon as the vessels were sufficiently near, Lieut. Decatur sprung on board the frigate, and was followed by midshipman Morris. It was a minute before the remainder of the crew succeeded in mounting after them; but the Turks crowded together on the quarter deck were in too great consternation to take advantage of this delay. As soon as a sufficient number of Americans gained the deck, they rushed upon the Tripolitans, who were soon overpowered, and twenty of them were

killed." Thus says the official report; but the Tripolitans and Neapolitan slaves told us a different story. They said there were only eight men on board the frigate; that two of them escaped and six were made prisoners; but not a single person killed. The reader may make his own comments.

After this a tent was pitched in front of our prison, and a strong guard kept over us at night.— We received no more beef nor pork from the Bashaw's stores. March 1—1804—Our officers passed through our prison yard for the castle, where they were confined in future, having before been kept in the American consul house. We were not permitted to speak to them: Capt. B., however, bid us be of good heart; although he looked very much dejected himself.

March 26.—Early in the morning, some of our men returning from the beach with joy sparkling in their eyes, informed us that a frigate with American colors was standing in for the harbor. About 8 o'clock our joy was increased at observing that she carried a white flag at the main. The Bashaw soon responded to the signal, by hoisting a white flag on the tower of the castle. As we walked the streets, the Turks who but the day before had stoned us, now patted us on the shoulder, saying "bono (good) American." About 9 o'clock Consul O'Brian landed on the beach, and went up into the castle.— In about half an hour he returned and went on board the frigate again. We could not learn either the object or result of this short interview.— The frigate soon bore away and left us again hopeless. Our allowance and treatment continued about the same. The men, many of them, began to be as naked as the natives of Pellew. Some clothing had been issued to us by Capt. B. but not suffi-

cient for all, and those who had clothes sold them to buy provisions. Many of us had to drag a heavy waggon (left by Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt) five or six miles into the country over the burning sands, barefoot and shirtless, and back again loaded with timber, before they had any thing to eat, except perhaps a few raw carrots. We were much afflicted with vermin; and having no change of clothes, the only way we had to keep ourselves from them was to go on the beach and strip off our shirts, going naked until we washed them, and then our trousers in the same way.

April 15—We felt the Syroc winds; they are very sultry and suffocating. The Turks do not walk the streets during the prevalence of these morbid gales. They told us that if these winds continued "*tri journa, tota morto*"—three days we should all die. A fresh breeze from the ocean, however, about two o'clock, banished all apprehensions of mortality from that quarter. About this time two of our men caught a beautiful bird, and brought it to the prison. It was said to be a sweet songster. The Danish Consul, Mr. NISSEN, had showed us the utmost kindness, and I suggested to the men to make a handsome cage for the bird and present it to that gentleman, as a mark of respect. While they were making the cage, I wrote a few verses to accompany the present, as follow:

*Lines addressed to the honorable Mr. Nissen, Danish Consul, on presenting him a bird in a cage.*

'To thee, the prisoners' warmest friend,  
'This little warbling one I send,

Committed to thy care:

'Tis a Tripolitan, my foe,  
But thou canst let the captive go,  
And cleave its native air.

Between belligerents not free,  
Between two slaves—the bird and me,  
Both panting for release,  
A mediator who shall stand—  
Pledg'd for the ransom all demand  
Or compromise a peace.

I know 'twould glad thy noble heart  
To see me from my cage depart—  
The warbler too from his ;  
But since thy sympathy, though large,  
Can only one of us discharge,  
I'll tell thee what it is :—

Take both beneath thy friendly wing,  
And he who shall the sweetest sing,  
With thee shall fare the best,  
Until my jubilee shall come,  
Then let me seek my longing home,  
The bird his welcome nest.

On receiving the bird and verses, he gave the man who brought them a very handsome present, and sent for me to come and see him. I went, and he treated me in a very polite and friendly manner, gave me a handful of money, and told me he would try and do something to mitigate my sufferings.— He invited me to call on him as often as I chose, and he would always give me something to eat and drink, for he thought I could sing full as well as the bird. This gentleman, though a Dane, had been educated in England, and was in my opinion as humane and accomplished a gentleman as I ever knew. It will be recollected that Congress voted him a golden urn as a compliment for his services and kindness to the American prisoners white

in Tripoli. I called on him as often as a proper delicacy would justify, assisted him occasionally in copying his papers, and always found him the same benevolent gentleman. Through his influence, seconded by Capt. Bainbridge, I obtained exemption from labor, which pleasing intelligence was announced to me on the 27th May, by Doctor Ridgley, who was permitted to visit our sick. He called the keepers and told them in the presence of some of the high officers of state who confirmed what he said, that it was the Bashaw's orders not to send me to work any more while a prisoner in that place. These were glad tidings of great joy.

June 10—We were ordered to remove to our newly prepared prison. It was much more comfortable than the other and considerably larger.—About 100 Neapolitans (subjects of the King of Naples) were confined with us, making in the whole upwards of 350 of us in one apartment every night.

July 4—The benevolent Danish Consul sent for me and made me a present of money to enable me to celebrate the day. I selected some of the most decent men, and we went by procession out on the sands of the beach, where we seated ourselves on a stone platform, the remains of an ancient reservoir, under the cooling shade of an orange-tree, open to refreshing breezes from the sea.—Here we sat and regaled ourselves with the juice of the date-tree, which the inhabitants call *logby*, until we almost forgot that while offering a libation to liberty, we ourselves were wretched slaves.—This liquor, which is the same as palm wine, runs from the date or palm tree like our maple sap, though from the limbs instead of the body, and is



as strong as Teneriffe, right from the tree, but soon loses its spirit. Towards evening we returned to our gloomy prison with several jugs of the wholesome and cheering beverage.

Three or four of our shipping were in sight a little before sunset, and they continued to show themselves occasionally off the harbor until the third day of August, when our men in the forenoon returning from the beach, told us that the whole coast was lined with American shipping, standing in for the harbor. The Turks were in great trepidation—nothing but beating and stoning and driving us with horrid imprecations. At three quarters past two, our squadron commenced the action by throwing shells into the town. In an instant the enemy's shipping and batteries opened a tremendous fire, which was promptly returned by our whole squadron within grape shot distance. We were all locked in the prison, and a strong guard set over us. The shells which they sent passed directly over our prison, with a whizzing sound, and fell harmless in the sands without the walls of the town. This action continued till nearly sun-down, with some intermissions, during which our men in quads were taken from the prison to carry kegs of powder from the magazine in the castle to different forts, and were beaten at every step, with a heavy burthen on their shoulders. One of our tars being drafted for this purpose, when he came to the magazine, and saw one of his shipmates just entering into the vault where the powder was kept, put his finger on his nose which happened to be of a fiery color, and cried out "*wardo! much de fogo!*" (take care, much fire!)—which so pleased some of the Turks who stood round, that the fellow who gave the caution was ordered to return to the prison.

and rest, without carrying the powder, amidst the bursts of laughter which his wit had excited. But the man with the red nose never forgave him for so printed an insult in making him the butt of his ridicule at such a fearful time.—The result of this action is well known; it terminated gloriously, but did not effect the object of releasing the prisoners. Among the Americans there was only one killed (Lieut. *James Decatur*) and thirteen wounded. The number of killed and wounded among the enemy cannot be ascertained, but it was considerable.

On the 7th of August, there was another attack made by Com. Preble. Their seven-gun battery was silenced in less than two hours, except one gun. The walls of the other forts were greatly injured. One of our gunboats was blown up, by a shot from the enemy which passed through her magazine. She had on board twenty-eight officers, seamen and marines, ten of whom were killed and six wounded. Aug. 17—Fifteen dead Americans were found on the beach, drifted ashore. The Bashaw gave permission and we buried them as decently as we could. On the 27th of Aug. Com. Preble again attacked the place.—At one A. M. the gunboats in two divisions, led by Captains Decatur and Somers, were ordered to advance and take their stations close to the rocks at the entrance of the harbor, within grape-shot distance from the Bashaw's castle. The *Syren*, *Argus*, *Vixen*, *Nautilus*, *Enterprize*, and boats of the squadron accompanied them.

A warm engagement ensued, which my limits in this publication will not permit me to detail.—Com. Preble in the *Constitution* performed the most daring acts. He ran close in under the

batteries, and continued in that perilous position until he had thrown 300 round shot, besides grape and canister, into the Bashaw's castle and batteries. Great slaughter was made among the enemy's gunboats. Our vessels were considerably injured in their sails and rigging. The Constitution was considerably injured above her hull; one of her anchor stocks and larboard cable was shot away, and a number of grape shots was striking in different parts of her hull, but not a man hurt!!!—The gunboats fired upwards of 400 round shot, besides grape and canister. All our officers and seamen behaved with the utmost intrepidity. A boat belonging to the John Adams was sunk by a double headed shot from the batteries, which killed three men and badly wounded one.

The Tripolitans began to be frightened; and some of their principal officers treated us with more respect than before the attacks, but the low wretches continued to abuse and insult us, and some of the keepers who had lost friends in the engagements, were more savage than ever. The management of the prisoners was in a great measure confided to these inhuman villains, and they almost starved us to death. We wrote to Capt. Bainbridge, or I wrote in the name of the prisoners, that it was impossible for us to exist under such sufferings as we now experienced, and the Capt. engaged the Danish Consul to furnish us with one pound of beef per man, with vegetables for soup, and one loaf of white bread in addition to the Bashaw's allowance. The meat and vegetables we were to receive twice a week, and the bread once a day. As I was exempt from labor, the task of superintending the drawing and dividing the provisions, devolved on me. It was a

gates and batteries. This was the sweetest music that ever sounded in my ears. We remained in Tripoli that night, and the next day went aboard of different ships—I was sent to the *Essex*. We left those of our crew who had turned Turk, in Tripoli—viz. Wilson, West, Smith, Hixmer, and Prince. Smith and Prince were Americans—the others foreigners. I was made captain's clerk on board the *Essex*, which on the 4th of July was lying in Syracuse harbor. Being requested the day before to prepare a song for the celebration of Independence ashore, I wrote the following, which was sung at table by consul Lear and encored three or four times. General Eaton was present, and he insisted on my taking a seat beside him, which I did, and had the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with that hero now conquered by death. Our whole squadron were here, and there were a great many officers present—But the song.

Hail Independence! hail once more!  
 To meet thee on a foreign shore,  
     Our hearts and souls rejoice;  
 To see thy sons assembled here,  
 Thy name is rendered doubly dear—  
     More charming is thy voice.

A host of heroes bright with fame,  
 A Preble and Decatur's name,  
     Our grateful songs demand;  
 And let our voices loudly rise,  
 At Eaton's daring enterprise,  
     And red victorious hand.

That recreant horde of barb'rous foes,  
 Our deathless heroes bled to oppose,  
     Can never stand the test,

When grappled with our dauntless tars,  
Their crescent wanes beside our stars,  
And quickly sinks to rest.

Thy spirit, born in darkest times,  
Illumes the world's remotest climes,  
Where'er thy champions tread——  
Like lightning flash'd on Barb'ry's plains—  
Dissolv'd the groaning captive's chains,  
And struck the oppressor dead.

Hail Independence! glorious day,  
Which chased the clouds of night away,  
That o'er our country hung;  
Re-tune the voice, and let us hear  
The song encore—a louder cheer  
Resound from every tongue.

Huzza! may freedom's banners wave,  
Those banners that have freed the slave,  
With new all-conqu'ring charms;  
Till nature's works in death shall rest  
And never may the Tar be *press'd*  
*But in his fair one's arms.*

It will be recollected that Gen. Eaton took the town of Derne while our squadron was blockading Tripoli, and that his bravery contributed greatly to the humbling of the Regency, and bringing him to close with the terms of peace made by Col. Lear.

When I went on board the *Essex*, it was expected she would sail for America in a short time. The President sailed in September, and the most of the prisoners went home in her; but when I applied to go with them, the officers of the *Essex*

told me that we should sail in about six weeks; and as I had a good station aboard, persuaded me to remain. The Essex, as it happened, did not sail until the next June. My situation, however, on board of this frigate was very pleasant. We visited Tunis, Algiers, Tangier, Malaga, Cadiz, and Gibraltar. My duty was very easy, and my living of the best kind. About the 12th of June, Com. Rogers took command of the Essex, and Capt. Campbell went on board the Constitution and remained as Commodore on the station.—We sailed for America, was in the middle of the Atlantic at the time of the great eclipse, and arrived at the city of Washington about the middle of August, 1800—having been absent from my native country upwards of three years—sometimes at a distance of 6000 miles—a prisoner in Tripoli nineteen months and four days, and on the ocean the remainder of the time. I staid in Washington about a week, to get some clothes made, and reached my family, a wife and one child, whom I found well, about the first of September.

In the fall of 1800, I removed to the county of Essex, where I again commenced merchandize, and again unsuccessful. Here I was appointed a Justice of the peace, and in 1812, on the declaration of war, I tendered my services to Gov. Tompkins, and was appointed Brigade Quartermaster of the 3d Brigade of detached militia, with the pay and rank of Major. I immediately repaired to my station at Plattsburgh, where I remained about six months, until the militia were discharged, and then removed with my family to Whitesborough. Here I resided until spring, intending to enter the regular service; but altering my determination, not however, for the want of a station, I

removed to Herkimer, where I spent the summer; and in the winter of 1814, I removed to the village of Skaneateles in the county of Onondaga, and went into the Druggist business. Peace being concluded when I had a considerable stock of goods on hand, purchased at war prices, I was once more compelled to quit business; and in January 1816, I removed to the village of Onondaga Court House, where I have resided ever since, holding from the spring after I came here until last winter, the office of magistrate, and for some part of the time, a commissioner in courts of record, &c. Ever since I lived in this county, I have been attached to the Protestant Episcopal Church, which I believe to be the true apostolical one, and from which I hope never to be separated, neither on earth nor in heaven. I hope, however, that I am not destitute of charity towards Christians of all denominations—and the whole race of mankind. My doubts as to the truth of the Christian Religion have long been dissipated, and I trust will never return. In politics I have always been a republican, and always shall be. The Ethiopian can as well change his skin, or the Leopard his spot, as I can my political creed. I have had many warm contests with men whom I highly esteem in every other respect, which I sincerely regret, although I make no concessions, for I was sincerely persuaded, at the time, that I was right.

Having in my proposals confined myself to a certain number of pages in this publication, I have been obliged to pass over many important scenes in my life for want of sufficient room.

I have seen a considerable portion of the world—been acquainted with people of all nations and of all descriptions, under every circumstance and in

every situation ; and the result of my experience  
has brought me to the conclusion,——

———“That happiness sincere  
Is no where to be found, or ev'ry where;  
That virtue, only, is our bliss be lov'—  
And all our knowledge is——**OURSELVES TO KNOW.**”



## I KNOW WHAT THE WORLD IS.

I know what the world is—a Syren, whose voice  
Enchantingly wilders the soul,  
And leads it, divested of reason or choice,  
To drink of her death-mingled bowl.

I know what the world is—how vain its delights,  
How transient and fading its joys ;  
Its banquets are poison'd—the smile that invites,  
Allures to the gulf that destroys.

I know what the world is—its pleasures and pains  
I've tasted, and poignantly felt ;  
Its losses have suffer'd, and shar'd in its gains,  
And with its adorers have knelt.

'Tis all a false glitter, a fiction, a dream,  
As thousands have told us before ;  
And he who would catch from its glory a beam,  
Must think of contentment no more.

But there is a refuge from trouble and strife,  
A shelter from heart-pelting storms—  
A sweet smelling savor of life unto life,  
In all its angelical forms :—

The portals of Zion, the heav'n of the blest,  
Are open'd for all to come in ;  
And there may the wand'ring and weary find rest  
From all the fierce conflicts of sin.

Secure from temptations, or toils, or alarms,  
The souls of the just shall repose  
In their blest Creator's omnipotent arms,  
Eternally safe from their foes.

Y

As clouds of thick darkness envelope the sun,  
And hide his rich beams from our sight,  
The face of creation looks dreary and dun,  
Till flatter'd again with his light ;

And when, as the morning, in scarlet and gold,  
And fresh glowing beauty appears,  
All nature rejoices, those eyes to behold  
That melt away night with their tears ;

So let the firm Christian, who gropes for awhile  
Through trouble's dark mazes, forlorn—  
Be cheer'd with the hope that felicity's smile  
Will break on his soul in the morn.

I know what the world is—its circle I've seen,  
And look'd its diameter through ;  
The gates to its pleasures have pitfalls between,  
And death is in all we pursue.

The world is all shadow—once more be it said,  
And if these monitions ye slight,  
Go look on the dying—survey his lone bed,  
And this will instruct you aright.

Eternity ! O, what a life-giving sound !  
Eternity, Christian, is thine !  
A joyful eternity, bliss without bound,  
And lasting as glory divine.

I know what the world is—it ne'er can give this,  
And all it can ever bestow,  
Is one fleeting moment of fast fading bliss,  
Succeeded by heart-rending wo.

**THE END.**

# ERRATA.

Page 21. Erase first 6 lines.

- 61. 3 l. from top, for "belongs" read *pertain*.
- 88. 9 l. fr. top, for "harsh" read *hash*.
- 96. 7 l. fr. b. for "life their" read *their life*.
- 98. 12 l. fr. b. read *up* before "so high."
- 112. 12 l. fr. top, for "whaling" read *worthy*.
- 114. 5 l. fr. top, for "pregnant with" read  
*full of calm*.
- 170. 7 l. fr. b. erase "from."
- 225. 18 l. fr. b. read *this* before "is the."
- 228. 6 l. fr. b. for "when" read *where*.
- 234. 5 l. fr. top for "personally" read *presently*.
- 236. 3 l. fr. b. for "obedients" read *obedient*  
*servants*.
- 236. 6 l. fr. top, for "barred" read *buried*.
- 242. 12 l. fr. b. for "procession" read *permission*.



